

Inside

JULY/69

50¢

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WRESTLING



EXPOSE!

THE MOST VIOLENT MANIAC AT LARGE IS A ROBOT. HE CANNOT THINK. HE CANNOT REASON. HE IS CONTROLLED LIKE A PUPPET BY THE STRANGE MAN WHO POSES AS HIS MANAGER, A MAN WHO HAS MUCH BIGGER GOALS THAN MAKING HIS MONSTER WORLD CHAMPION.



ANOTHER
JOE WEIDER
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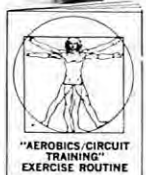


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Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build rippling back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a super-charged tiger with the girls! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough... durable... like you'll be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only \$9.98 postpaid.

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EXTRA BONUS GIFT: 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine, worth \$1.80... yours FREE!

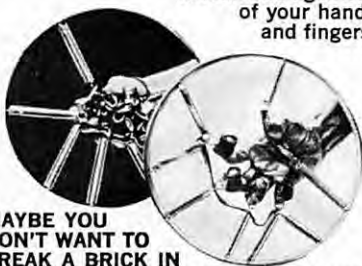
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WITH COURSE

2 This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

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KARATE KRUSHER & COURSE

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Trims
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and Lower Back
Without Dieting—
Without Exercising!

Meet my pupil, Irvin Koszewski, age 46. He has a 48" chest, 30" waist. Weighs 190 pounds. He's won more than 50 trophies for "Most Muscular Waist" in various "Mr. America" contests. Says Irvin: "You wouldn't think that a guy like me could use the SLIM-GARD, but I do. Every day if possible. It keeps my waist and middle trim and muscular! I swear by it. You chubby guys will, too!"

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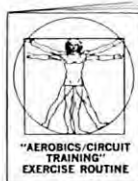
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See results within 2 weeks! Tested by thousands with outstanding results! This program is guaranteed to improve your well-being, fitness and vigor in just weeks. And most important, it's an easy-to-follow program you can stick-to-for-the-rest-of-your-life!



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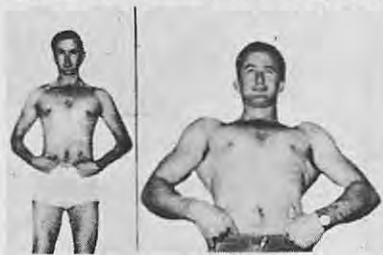
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HERE FOR MASCULINE VIRILITY!

CREATE A NEW, EXCITING AND FUN-GOING YOU IS SHOWN RIGHT HERE!

4 THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FUN way!



BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds. **AFTER** 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 175 pounds.

GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

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ONLY
\$8.00
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balance of natural-organic proteins, vitamins, minerals... along with controlled fats and carbohydrates. Follow the plan, drink nutritious, milkshake-flavored **RX7**, follow the **Carbo-Gram "Countdown" Diet** and the few simple exercises that come with it. You are guaranteed that within 30 days you'll look more vigorous, be more athletic-looking and more youthful than at any other time in your life. THOUSANDS ARE DOING IT DAILY... WHY NOT YOU... WHY NOT NOW... TODAY?

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ADDRESS _____

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☐ Vanilla
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I admire guts



Arthur Godfrey

It has been my privilege to know many successful men. Some just lucky, but most of 'em pretty smart. And some who are neither too smart nor very lucky, but who have guts.

It doesn't surprise me that many of these self-made men are self-trained, and have the same alma mater as mine—I.C.S., the correspondence school.

The important thing about this correspondence method of training is not the

material itself—though I found it very good. Excellent, in fact.

The important thing is the way it conditions you. Makes you tough on yourself. Disciplines you. Builds your confidence.

Sure, your instructor helps you. But he doesn't spoon-feed you. You have to make it on your own.

There are easier ways to get a diploma. But I don't know a better way—if you've got the guts!

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LETTERS



SAMMARTINO AND THE SHIEK

APOLOGIZE TO BRUNO?

Regarding your article "Upset of the Year" (Mar/69, Inside Wrestling), I think you owe an apology to Bruno Sammartino. While it is true that Bruno was beaten by the Shiek, as you reported, in a return bout at Boston, on March 29th, Sammartino gained revenge by defeating the Shiek. That was the unforgettable night when the ring was enclosed with a steel cage to prevent the Shiek's manager, Abdullah Farouk, from interfering with the action, as he did in the bout which Bruno lost.

ALAN HOFFMAN
Lynn, Mass.

• We disagree. Sammartino does not deserve an apology for losing. However, our reporters and photographers were at ringside during the steel cage match, and a full report of that bout will be covered in a future issue. That, we believe, will mean a great deal more to Bruno than a mere apology. —ED.

WHAT EVER BECAME OF...?

I am writing these few lines to let you know what great magazines you publish every month. I never fail to buy copies of both The Wrestler and Inside Wrestling the first day

they appear on the newsstand.

Can you tell me what ever happened to the Shire brothers, Ray and Roy, and the Bastein brothers, Red and Lou?

W. G. DAWSON
Cincinnati, Ohio

• Both the Shire and the Bastein brothers split up some years ago. All except Roy Shire are still active wrestlers. —ED.



BASTEIN BROTHERS

EXILED FROM THE BIG TIME

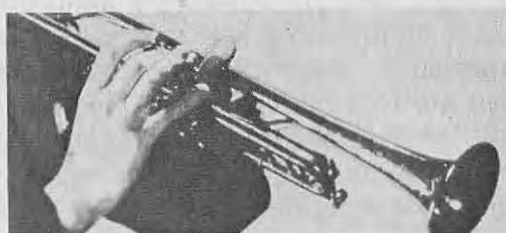
I was very pleased to learn from Inside Wrestling that there are others in this country who share my sentiments. Although I have been a professional wrestler for the last 17 years, I found it an uphill struggle to achieve national recognition because of my comparatively light weight. When I started my career, I weighed 155 pounds. I have now tapered off at 180 pounds, but I chose to stop wrestling rather than allow myself to become overweight and out of condition.

Promoters are to blame for trying to pull the wool over the fans' eyes by attempting to sell them the false idea that a man must weigh well over 200 pounds in order to be a good wrestler. I have often been billed as weighing

(Continued on Page 8)



SECRETS of Teaching Yourself MUSIC



Here's How Others Learned to Play This Fast, Easy Way!

EXCITED — DELIGHTED — "I'm so excited, thrilled and delighted with this magnificent Course that it's difficult to 'go slowly.' Instructions are easily understood. And I enjoy the fact that I can practice and study at my own time and speed."

Clara J. Napoleon
Trenton, N. J.

PLAYS FOLK MUSIC — "I have finished college, and my ability to play the guitar really paid off there, especially since folk music has become so popular. I have played both as lead guitarist and accompanist guitarist."

Dwight Bullard
Concord, Ark.

FRIENDS ARE ASTONISHED — "Ever since I signed up for the Piano Course, I have been reaping happiness. My friends are astonished and my family happy. I will never forget all the fun I've had."

Linda Kurtz
Airville, Pa.

You can learn any instrument in your home . . . in spare time

TEACH yourself music? Yes, you can — and you'll be amazed how easy it is! Piano, guitar, accordion, saxophone — any popular instrument — you can teach yourself to play it *right away*. It's all possible thanks to the remarkable home-study Course offered to you now by the famous U.S. School of Music.

You Learn Quickly, Easily

This superb Course shows you how to play your favorite music *by note*. You read and play actual sheet music. There are no "gimmicks" at all. And the incredible thing is that you learn so *quickly and easily*.

The secret of this rapid success is in the Course's unique, proven method of instruction. Simple, easy-to-understand instructions tell you what to do. Then, wonderfully clear pictures *show* you just how to do it. These lessons are so well-developed and effective, you actually *teach yourself*! It's so easy that even children can learn. And you don't need any special talent, or previous experience, or even special knowledge of music!

From the very first lesson you start playing actual tunes from sheet music. As you progress, you'll be playing more and more advanced pieces. Before you know it you'll be playing your favorite music as though you've known how all your life!

Convenient and Economical

You'll also be delighted to discover how *convenient* and *economical* this wonderful Course is. You learn at

home, in your spare time. You go as fast or as slowly as you wish. There's no expensive private teacher to pay. You get valuable sheet music at no extra cost. And you learn for just pennies a day!

Start Enjoying a New Way of Life

Just imagine yourself playing your favorite instrument, and playing it *well*. What a thrill and sense of accomplishment you'll feel as you skillfully and confidently play popular hits . . . classical pieces . . . folk and country music . . . dance tunes — any kind of music you like! You'll enjoy a wonderful escape from the tensions and problems of everyday life. You'll win *new* friends and *new* popularity. Best of all, you'll have that warm, deep-down sense of satisfaction and self-fulfillment that comes with going ahead and really doing something you've always wanted to do!

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Don't go on missing the pleasures that playing music can bring into your life. Mail the coupon below right now for our FREE booklet that tells you all about the Course and shows you how *fast* and *easy* this unique instruction really is. We'll also send you a FREE Piano "Notefinder." No obligation. Just mail the coupon TODAY to:

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Do you have instrument? ☐ Yes ☐ No State.....

222

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LETTERS

(Continued from Page 6)

235 pounds, which is about 50 pounds more than my actual weight. I have never been ashamed of my weight. I have always stayed in peak condition and I was a credit—not a disgrace—to the sport.

Even though it could make me an "outlaw" and exile me from major wrestling promotions, I am going to start an organization of professional wrestlers which will help any person, regardless of size and weight, to enjoy equal opportunity in this greatest of all sports. Anybody who is interested can contact me at this address: 142 Lake Sears Dr., Winter Haven, Florida 33880.

RONNIE HILL
Winter Haven, Fla.



GORILLA
MONSOON

HOW TOUGH IS TOUGH?

I thought *INSIDE WRESTLING* was a great magazine until I read the May/69 issue. I am referring specifically to that part of your special "My toughest bout" feature that pertains to Bruno Sammartino. The article stated that Bruno's toughest match was against Bill Watts. I say that is not correct. The toughest bout Sammartino ever had was against Gorilla Monsoon in Madison Square Garden. I cannot recall the date, but I do remember that the match lasted one hour and 22 minutes. I am not trying to say that Bruno did not have a tough time with Bill Watts, but it was a waltz compared to the savagery and bitterness that was generated in his bout with Monsoon.

HENRY DeLaCRUZ
Brooklyn, N. Y.

THOSE NUDE LADY WRESTLERS

I am just getting over the shock! Man, never did I dream that I would ever see women wrestle completely in the nude, even in pictures. But there they were, right in front of my popping eyes (Nov/68). As a grown man, I freely admit that I enjoyed and appreciated that article. However, I do question your propriety in publishing such material for public consumption. But no matter, I will be looking and hoping for a followup article about those fascinating German girls who get their kicks by stripping off their clothes and mauling each other.

KEVIN LONG
Rochester, N.Y.

MAN VS. WOMAN

I have to agree with Janet Piers (Mar/69, *Inside Wrestling*), that a woman can defeat a man in a wrestling match, especially if the woman has a strong pair of legs and knows how to apply a scissors hold. As a man, this is difficult to admit, but it is true. And I speak from experience. Recently, my girl friend challenged me to a match. She is slender of build, but her natural strength is enormous. She studied judo and karate and she keeps in perfect physical condition with regular exercising. Even though I outweigh her by 23 pounds, she was able, after several minutes of rather even wrestling, to catch me in a front head scissors. She held the hold so tightly that I quickly reached the point of becoming unconscious and I gladly submitted to her.

Of course I was embarrassed—being defeated by a woman smaller than I. But I have to respect her for what she did. We wrestle frequently now, with neither having a noticeable advantage. However, she does have greater strength in her hands and legs, and she can sustain a maximum attack longer than I.

BOB HILL
Des Moines, Iowa

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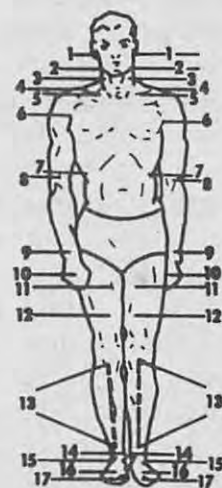
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HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

THE LARGEST CROWD ever to witness a sports event (indoors) in Boston, 15,125, jammed every inch of space in the Boston Garden to see BRUNO SAMMARTINO defend his title against his arch-rival, THE SHIEK, on March 29, 1969. For exclusive, behind-the-scenes coverage of this classic event, see the special August/69 issue of THE WRESTLER.

FRED BLASSIE and MILDRED BURKE, the greatest woman wrestler who ever lived, appeared together recently on a Los Angeles TV talk show and really wowed the audience with their frank opinions on everything from how to cook scrambled eggs to sex. Queen Mildred still looks agile and powerful enough to regain the championship of the world. How about it, Mildred? Wanna give it another try?

Nothing could have made us happier than the recent news from California that the sensational MIL MASCARAS has returned to action after a five month layoff. Mil, who owns the finest physique in wrestling, was named "Rookie of the Year."

Oregon promoter DON OWEN is determined to make his territory the wrestling capital of the world. "I don't care what it costs," Owen says. "The people in the great state of Oregon deserve the best, and that's what I promise to give them; the world's best wrestlers will appear here."

Before leaving his home in Columbus, Ohio, for a campaign in Southern California, big BILL MILLER, all 320 pounds, 6'5" of him, called our office in New York to let us in on his plans. Said Miller: "I wanted you to know that this will be my seventh trip to California, to wrestle, that is, and that by the time I leave, I'll have the world championship belt in my suitcase, or at least I'll have the U.S. belt. My main target, for openers, is BOBO BRAZIL. He has been shooting his mouth off about me because I nearly killed him in a match at Chicago a few years ago. Brazil never forgot that beating and when he heard that I was coming to California, he began telling reporters that I was no good and all sorts of other embarrassing things. Okay, if that's the way that

big bum wants to play, it's fine with me. Let him use his mouth, I'll use my hands!" Brazil better be careful. We wonder if he remembers the size of Bill Miller's hands?

KILLER KOWALSKI, looking as mean and healthy as he ever looked, is booked for a series of title matches with BRUNO SAMMARTINO. Bruno has admitted to close friends that he rates Kowalski as one of the five toughest men he has ever wrestled. "You have no idea how tough Kowalski is until you get into the ring with him," Sammartino says. What does the Killer think of Bruno? "He's just a big bag of spaghetti," Kowalski snorted.

"BLACKJACK" LANZA has more than doubled his annual income since he discovered that good guys finish last. "To hell with hand shaking and helping little old ladies cross the street," Lanza told us during a recent phone conversation. "This is a dog-eat-dog world in which only the strong survive. And I want to survive."

YVON KOLOFF, the 270 pound Russian, has either a

(Continued on Page 12)

MIL
MASCARAS



BILL
MILLER



KILLER
KOWALSKI



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HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 10)

lot of guts or he is short on brains. In St. Louis recently, Koloff agreed to take on both DORY FUNK, SR. and ED CARPENTIER. Not only that, the skin-headed Russian stated that if he didn't win individual falls over Ed and Dory within 30 minutes, he would concede the match and turn his entire purse over to his opponents. "What happened?" you want to know. Why Funk and Carpentier went home with cash bonuses in their pay envelopes.

No less than ten fans have written us within the past two weeks revealing what they think is BATMAN's real name. All ten names were different. And not one of them was correct.

By the way, Denny Natale, who masterminds Batman's well-oiled fan club, has asked us to inform all wrestling fans that the WRESTLING FANS INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION will be held at the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh, June 20-22. Everybody is welcome. For further information, write: WFIAC, P.O. Box 11007, St. Louis, Mo. 63135.

When we asked fans to send us gossip items for possible publication in this column, we had no idea that the response would be so tremendous. Golly, the mailman is dumping bags full of mail from all over the U.S. and

Canada on our doorstep. Some of the items are really interesting. One fan tells us that a world-famous wrestler, whose name we will not reveal because of personal reasons, has a glass eye. Another fan tells us that a famous lady wrestler wears only black panties (high-cut)! We will reveal this lady's name: Ann Casey.

Fan Victor Randazzo, of Long Beach, N.Y., points out that Bruno's full name is BRUNO LEOPALDO FRANCESCO SAMMARTINO. Adds Mr. Randazzo: "while most wrestlers change their names, the great Sammartino remains loyal to his heritage and wouldn't think of using any name but the one his parents honored him with the day he was born." Bravo, Bruno!

Hats off to Frank Santin, Jr., President of the World Wide Wrestling Fan Club. Frank, who lives in Brighton, Mass., does a fabulous job and truly rates a pat-on-the-back from every lover of our great sport.

Food for thought: We wonder if all those crusaders who continually demand that wrestling be cleaned up and insist that all "dirty" wrestlers be tarred and feathered and run out of town, really know what they're talking about. We wonder if any of those do-gooders ever stop-

ped to think how terribly dull the sport would be if every wrestler obeyed the rules. Why there would be nobody to scream at and bombard with flying objects. What a bore that would be. While we believe in law and order, we also believe in excitement. And when it comes to raising the boiling point of one's blood, nobody can do the job as quickly and effectively as a nasty old villain like MAD DOG VACHON, BULLDOG BROWER OR KILLER KOWALSKI. Bless 'em all, we say.

SPYROS ARION tells us that he is in the best physical condition of his life and that although his greatest idol is BRUNO SAMMARTINO, he promises to flatten Bruno if and when he gets a crack at his title.

It took our editors more than six solid weeks of hard work to gather the material for the feature article on RENE GOULET, which appears in this issue (see page 34). Rene, charming man that he is, cooperated fully, but he had such a busy schedule that our reporters were exhausted as they tried keeping up with him as he leaped from one town to the next. Goulet has incredible endurance, and what a fascinating personality, what Continental charm,

(Continued on Page 58)



BATMAN



BRUNO



GOULET



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don't Blame the shiek! aim your missiles at abdullah farouk

In Los Angeles dressing room moments before he entered the ring, the Shiek receives instructions from Farouk. Notice the weird expression on the Shiek's face and the trance-like look in his eyes.



the shiek is a robot. he is not responsible for the things he does. he is controlled like a puppet by the strange man who poses as his manager—a man who has much more sinister ambitions than making the shiek heavyweight champion of the world

**Photographed by Theo Ehret in Los Angeles,
Edward May in Boston and Roger Baker in
Toronto (Cover by Roger Baker)**

THE SLEEK, SLIMY man with the dark glasses and red fez swept his eyes around the crowd that huddled in their seats awaiting the Shiek's entrance into the ring. There was a chill in this man's gaze. A foreboding chill. It was as if a door to the vault of some forgotten Egyptian pharaoh had been opened and the clammy darkness of another age enveloped the 15,000 people in the arena.

"Don't let him look you in the eye, Ethel," a woman told her companion. "God knows what he can make you do."

The fact has not been established that this man with the fez, Abdullah Farouk, who is known as the "Weasel" in Los Angeles, has hypnotic powers. But it has been established that he wields a cruel and weird possessiveness over the Shiek. In a sense he is like a man with an atomic bomb in his hands. When it will explode and where it will explode depends on his whim.

Abdullah Farouk is not a man one can depend on. But one man depends on him—the Shiek.

Before a match, Farouk spreads out an oriental rug in front of the Shiek's corner. He leads the Shiek to that corner, the way a person would lead a sleep-walker—or a prisoner in some evil, catatonic state. Once in the corner Farouk can be heard to utter unfamiliar incantations. Is the language Arabic? Men from Arab nations have tried to eavesdrop but they have learned nothing from their effort. Farouk gazes

into the Shiek's eyes as he talks, his lips hardly moving. The Shiek's response is usually a slow dropping of the heavy lids over his eyes that are black agates and seem lifeless. The Shiek doesn't talk, not audibly at any rate. His oral responses are limited to grunts.

Their one-sided conversation at an end, Farouk invariably touches the fingers of the Shiek and removes himself to a far corner of the ring while the Shiek kneels, faces eastward toward Mecca, and, presumably, prays. The prayer over, Farouk returns, rolls up the carpet on which the Shiek knelt, gazes again into the Shiek's eyes, touches his fingers for a second time and leaves the ring.

In an instance, the robot-like figure that was led to the corner become the animation of everything that is dreaded. The sleep-walker becomes the Shiek—the cruelest, most inhumane monster that ever was allowed within the ropes of a ring.

It is as if some strange current had passed through the body of this man who supposedly came to this country from Lebanon. The hair on his head, body and face seems to come alive, to bristle like tentacles looking for something to prey upon. And his eyes, those sightless agates of minutes before, now blaze with a destructive hate.

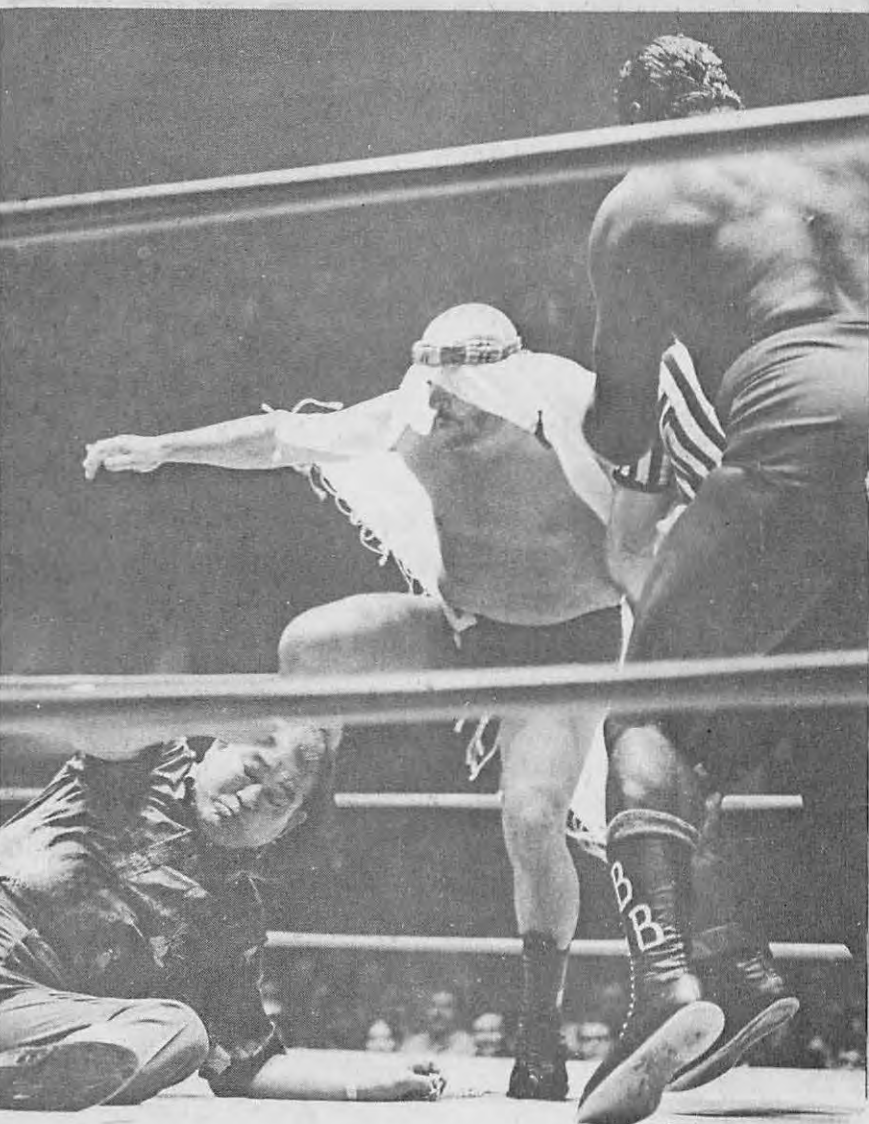
And while this transformation

Farouk pranced around ring in Los Angeles before his Shiek took on Bobo Brazil.





THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE THE SHIEK, LOOK AT HIS EYES. NOTICE THE EMPTY EXPRESSION, THE EXPRESSION OF A MAN LOOKING BUT NOT SEEING, NOT UNDERSTANDING.



Left: Handcuffed to ringpost to prevent him from jumping into the ring, Farouk shouts instructions to the Shiek in a strange language no one but the Shiek can understand. Above: Seconds after he entered the ring in Los Angeles to wrestle Bobo Brazil, the Shiek knocked Mr. Moto, Brazil's second, to the floor and then started to level a barrage of kicks at Moto's head. Had not Bobo and the referee rushed to Moto's defense, the crazed Arab would have stomped the downed man unconscious.

is occurring, the man with fez and the dark glasses, sits impassively with a slight smile forcing the corners of his lips to curl upward. It is as if Dr. Frankenstein's Igor had turned on the switch that put life into the monster that was the manifestation of all that is diabolical.

Reporters have tried to question the truth out of Farouk.

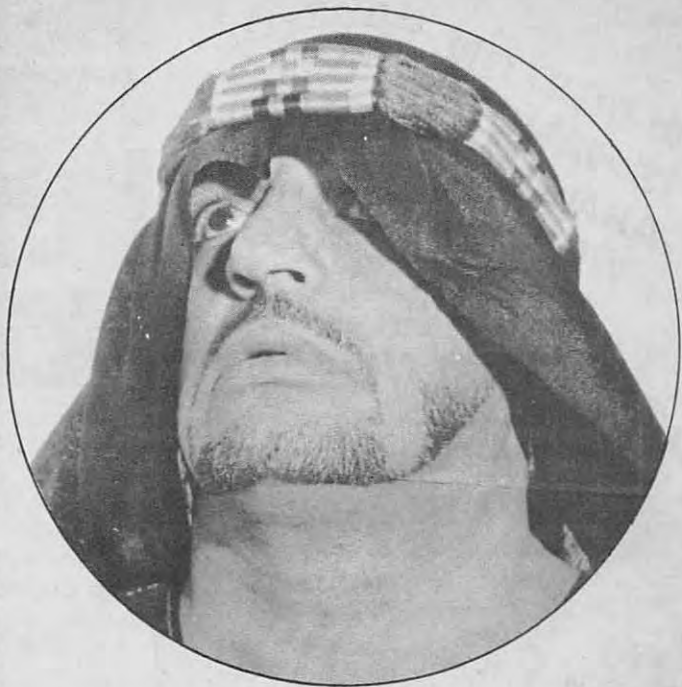
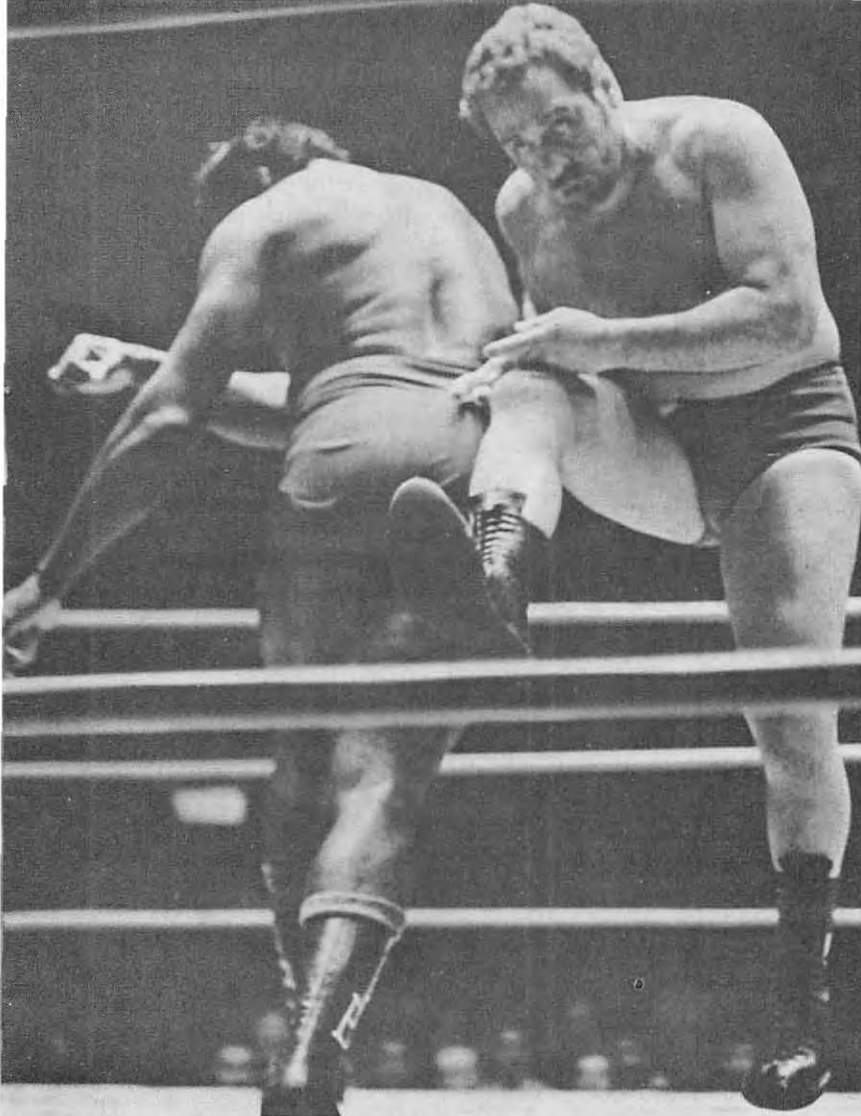
"Do you literally control the Shiek?" they've asked. Farouk only sneers.

"Do you give him some kind of power when you touch his fingers?" Farouk smirks.

"If you do control the Shiek, is he the only person you have such power over?"

Farouk speaks. "Why do you think the Shiek is a person?" he asks. And then he laughs a short laugh, low and, if you want to think so, sinister.

Does a robot have to be made of metal? Can a robot also be made of flesh? Isn't a person a living thing that has organiza-



FEW FANS REALIZE THAT THE SHIEK IS ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL WRESTLERS IN THE WORLD. HE ONCE PICKED UP 640 lb HAYSTACKS CALHOUN AND THREW HIM OUT OF THE RING.

tion, thought, purpose and a will. Isn't a robot something that is directed by the will of a person that has mastered the mechanism? Can a mechanism have flesh?

It's eerie to ask yourself these questions. Yet promoters across the country have had to ask themselves these questions. They have surveyed the ruin of other wrestlers and the demolition of their arenas. "Is he real?" they've had to wonder.

They are still wondering.

But the promoters are not willing to let matters stand. In Boston, when the Shiek wrestled Bruno Sammartino recently, the promoters insisted that Farouk be handcuffed outside of the ring before the match began. Farouk, as a precautionary measure, was shackled to the strong left wrist of Arnold Skoaland, Sammartino's manager and a top-flight wrestler in his own right.

In Los Angeles, Farouk was handcuffed to a ringpost. Neither precaution prevented Farouk from

Right: At one point, Farouk became so incensed by one of Brazil's attacks on his Shiek that he broke the chain that had lashed him to the ringpost. But he was quickly secured to the post again by the referee and Mr. Moto. He threatened Moto with "a curse that will accompany you to your grave!"

Above: This picture is vivid evidence that the Shiek is in a trance when he is in the ring. Notice the weird stare in his eyes as he misses a kick aimed at Brazil's stomach.



IN BOSTON, FAROUK IS HANDCUFFED TO ARNOLD SKAOLAND WHILE THE SHIEK BATTLES BRUNO SAMMARTINO



The Shiek kneels on prayer rug to ask Allah's blessings prior to taking on Bruno Sammartino before capacity crowd in Boston Garden. Glaring at hecklers is Farouk (left). Farouk is handcuffed to Arnold Skaoland, Bruno's manager, before opening bell (left, below). Farouk and Skaoland then took seats at ringside from which they churned out steady streams of advice to their respective charges. Several times the two managers were on the verge of exchanging blows.



by the Shiek before he could be pried from the fallen Bobo. Bobo was badly weakened by the onslaught. He tried to ward off the Shiek but the Arab's craze hit new highs and he nearly slaughtered Bobo with repeated stomping before he applied his deadly "Camel Clutch" for the coup de grace.

The first fall belonged to the Shiek. It had taken him only one minute and 31 seconds.

In the interval before the second fall, the Shiek gave obeisance to Mecca and looked a long moment into the eyes of Abdullah Farouk.

Bobo Brazil exhibited the conditioning and stamina that made him the American champion. He deftly avoided a rush by the Shiek and then, grabbing the Shiek's ears in both of his hands, proceeded to nearly rip the appendages from the Arab's head. The Shiek screamed, tore himself loose and fell to the mat. Bobo showed he could be enraged, too. He landed both knees on the Shiek's back and then knee-lifted the 240-pound Shiek into the air. Bobo seemed to catch the Shiek on the way down and applied a reverse headlock that brought the Shiek down and evened the falls at one each.

The crowd was on its feet waiting for the match to resume and for Bobo to apply the clincher when Farouk, straining his manacles as far as he could, seemed to hand the Shiek something over the ring apron. The referee, Red Shoes Dugan, and Mr. Moto, who serves as Bobo's second, grabbed Farouk's hand to see if they could discover what substance had



been there. Whatever it was, if it were anything, was gone. Moto promptly scrambled into the ring to examine the Shiek. But he never got within three feet of him. All of a sudden, the Shiek's hand shot out and a huge ball of fire flew from that hand and right into the eyes of Mr. Moto.

Mr. Moto screamed. He grabbed at his eyes as if acid was burning its way into their sockets. His screams filled the arena. Standing beside the apron, the inscrutable Farouk was placid, that little smile playing at the corners of his lips. In the ring, encased in his tarboosh, the Shiek acted as if he was not aware where he was. And he might not have been.

Brazil, hearing Moto's screams, tried to pacify the man but when he saw that damage had been done to Mr. Moto's eyes, he pick-

exercising his effect on the Shiek. In Boston, Sammartino almost had his back broken as the Shiek, in a demoniac rage, crashed the heavy press table down upon the prostrate Sammartino.

In Los Angeles, although Farouk was manacled to the ringpost, tragedy almost occurred, brought about by the meaningless, senseless hate of the man Farouk guides from behind his opaque lenses—the man they call the Shiek.

Bobo Brazil's American championship was on the line that night in Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium. Brazil was waiting in his corner for timekeeper Jack Smith's bell to ring when the Shiek stormed across the ring and attacked the unsuspecting Brazil. A kick in the kidneys, a rabbit punch, a chop to the kidneys and a stomp were delivered

ed the bulky Moto up on his shoulders and ran with him back to the dressing room where Moto could receive medical attention.

Meanwhile, Red Shoes Dugan had no alternative but to count Brazil out. The title of American champion now belonged to the Shiek. But it was not the Shiek who glorified in winning the gem-studded belt that goes with the title. It was Abdullah Farouk who held the belt high. And it was Abdullah Farouk who laughed that low laugh in response to the jeers and boos that came from the crowd.

"I didn't want to count Bobo out under these conditions," Referee Dugan said, "but I had no choice."

Bobo was disconsolate. "I treasured the championship," he said, "but nothing is so valuable as the health and welfare of a friend. I did what I had to do. Thank God that the damage to Moto's eyes was just superficial. But the doctor said that if he hadn't been able to get immediate treatment, Moto would have been blinded for life."

At Boston, recently, it appeared that Farouk's control of the Shiek was not going to help the refugee from Lebanon. Bruno Sammartino, demonstrating all of the greatness that has made him a living legend, was handling the Shiek the way a tigress handles a cub. The Shiek cried out for Farouk to come into the ring and assist him. But Farouk was securely fastened to the strong left arm of Arnold Skoaland.

At one point, to escape a hold, the Shiek slid out from under Bruno, onto the apron and fell to the floor of the Boston Gardens. He trumpeted with rage and seemed to lose control of himself. The Shiek began throwing chairs into the ring, until it was littered. Completely outraged at the Shiek's madcapping, Bruno hurdled the ropes and landed on the floor to take up the battle.

It turned out to be the worst move Sammartino could have made. As his feet hit the floor of the arena, he stepped on one of the chairs that the Shiek had flung and fell heavily, his head striking the cement floor. Perhaps he was unconscious for a moment, but it didn't matter. The



Above: In a fit of rage, Sammartino kicks at the Shiek's body. One of Bruno's most effective weapons was the body slam (rt), which badly weakened the Arab. Below: With a heave of his mighty body, Sammartino drives the Shiek head-first into post.



Shiek, taking advantage of Bruno's immobility, leaped on the fallen warrior with both feet and then overturned the heavy press table on Bruno, pinning him to the floor.

The Shiek looked at Farouk and immediately became docile. A nod from Farouk and the Shiek bounded into the ring where he stood while the referee counted 20 over the lifeless Sammartino. The Shiek was the winner again! Fortunately, for Sammartino, the title he has held for so long did not pass over to the Shiek. The rules stipulate that the title can be won only by pinning the champion.

And so the luck of the Shiek lingers and his hate smolders while, behind the scenes, Abdullah Farouk emits incantations and smirks his little smirk.

While the peril of the ball of fire the Shiek can generate from his fingers has put terror into many a wrestler, the Shiek does not depend solely on this gambit in his quest for more blood. In Toronto, facing a young wrestler named Bill Bomber, the Shiek streaked across the ring before the bell, caught his Bomber from behind and slammed Bill's head into the ring post. The collision opened an ugly gash on Bomber's forehead. But that was not enough for the Shiek. Heeding instructions from Farouk, the Shiek threw Bomber out of the ring onto the cement floor—his favorite place to play. Here, the Shiek took a small bottle from a place of concealment in his camel-ornamented trunks and smashed it against the cement floor. Then, with a shard of the broken bottle in his hand, he began to whittle away on the face of Bomber (see front cover).

The Shiek's desire to win at any cost and the instinct of Bill Bomber brought them both back into the ring before the fatal count of 20. The Shiek circled his weary opponent and then leaped at him and sank his teeth into the open wound on Bomber's forehead. Bomber never had a chance. He succumbed seconds later to the dreaded Camel Clutch. Farouk leaped into the ring and while Bomber laid unconscious, awaiting a stretcher, Farouk kicked

the fallen wrestler in his bleeding face. Farouk was happy.

It isn't his burning desire to get things going that makes the Shiek attack before the bell or when his opponent's back is turned. It's the desire to get things over with. It was also in Toronto that the Shiek took on the Mighty Igor. As was expected by everyone in the house—everyone except Igor, the Shiek streaked across the ring to get a shot at Igor while the wild Russian's back was turned and he was signing autographs. Igor believed that the Shiek was on his prayer rug. The prayer rug was stretched out in front of the Shiek's corner but the Shiek was suddenly on Igor's back.

Igor turned and punched the Shiek squarely in the nose. Before the referee was able to pry them apart, Igor had crashed his fist into the small of the Shiek's neck at least a dozen times and the Shiek was crying out for mercy.

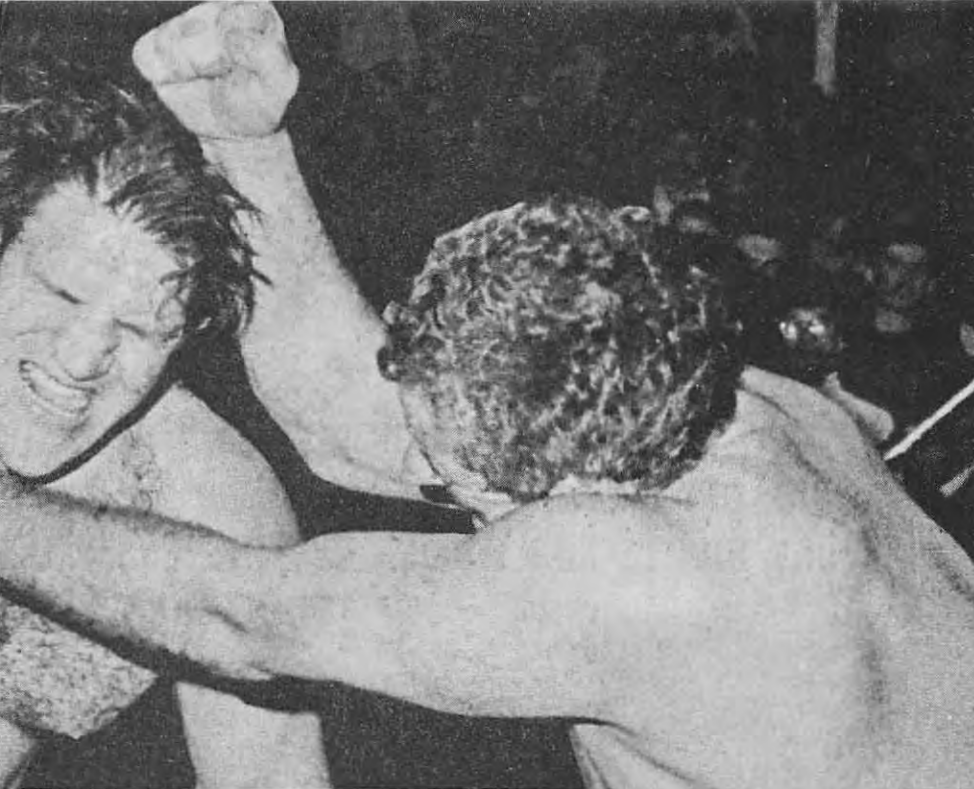
It seemed that all was tranquil as the Shiek knelt on his rug with Farouk hovering near, when, all of a sudden, Igor seemed to go berserk. He said later that the sight of Farouk "made something inside of me bad." With Farouk scampering through the ropes, Igor locked the Shiek's left hand in a grip that had the Arab screaming in agony.

Suddenly, it seemed from out of nowhere, the Shiek's right hand shot up and two of his fingers speared Igor's eyes. Igor shrieked, fell on the canvas and was immediately kicked out of the ring onto the floor by the raging Shiek.

Igor, who has seen the Shiek at work before, grabbed a row of seats and sent them hurling over the top strand of ropes into the ring. Igor then jumped into the ring and attempted to use the seats as a battering ram.

Then, chalk one up for the Shiek—or the nefarious Farouk—a long, sharp object suddenly appeared in the Shiek's hand—an object that he ground into Igor's head. In seconds Igor's face was a mash of gashes and the blood flowed copiously. The sight of blood transformed the Shiek from a raging madman into a monster. Immediately he set upon Igor and slashed at the flowing wounds





The savage battle spilled out of the ring onto the arena floor where the Shiek dazed Sammartino by clubbing him over the head (left), and then kayoed him by crashing the long, heavy press table down on the champion's outstretched body.

with his sharp teeth.

And all the while, standing near a corner, Abdullah Farouk smiled.

The man with the dark glasses and the red fez followed his wrestler back to the dressing room. Would Farouk talk to the press? Could the press have a word with the Shiek?

Farouk agreed. But he knew what was coming. Every question had to be translated by Farouk to the Shiek. The Shiek would grunt a one-syllable answer and Farouk would reply, "He does not want to answer that."

They asked Farouk, "will you manage any other wrestlers?"

"Maybe," Farouk said. "Perhaps some day I will manage many people; many things."

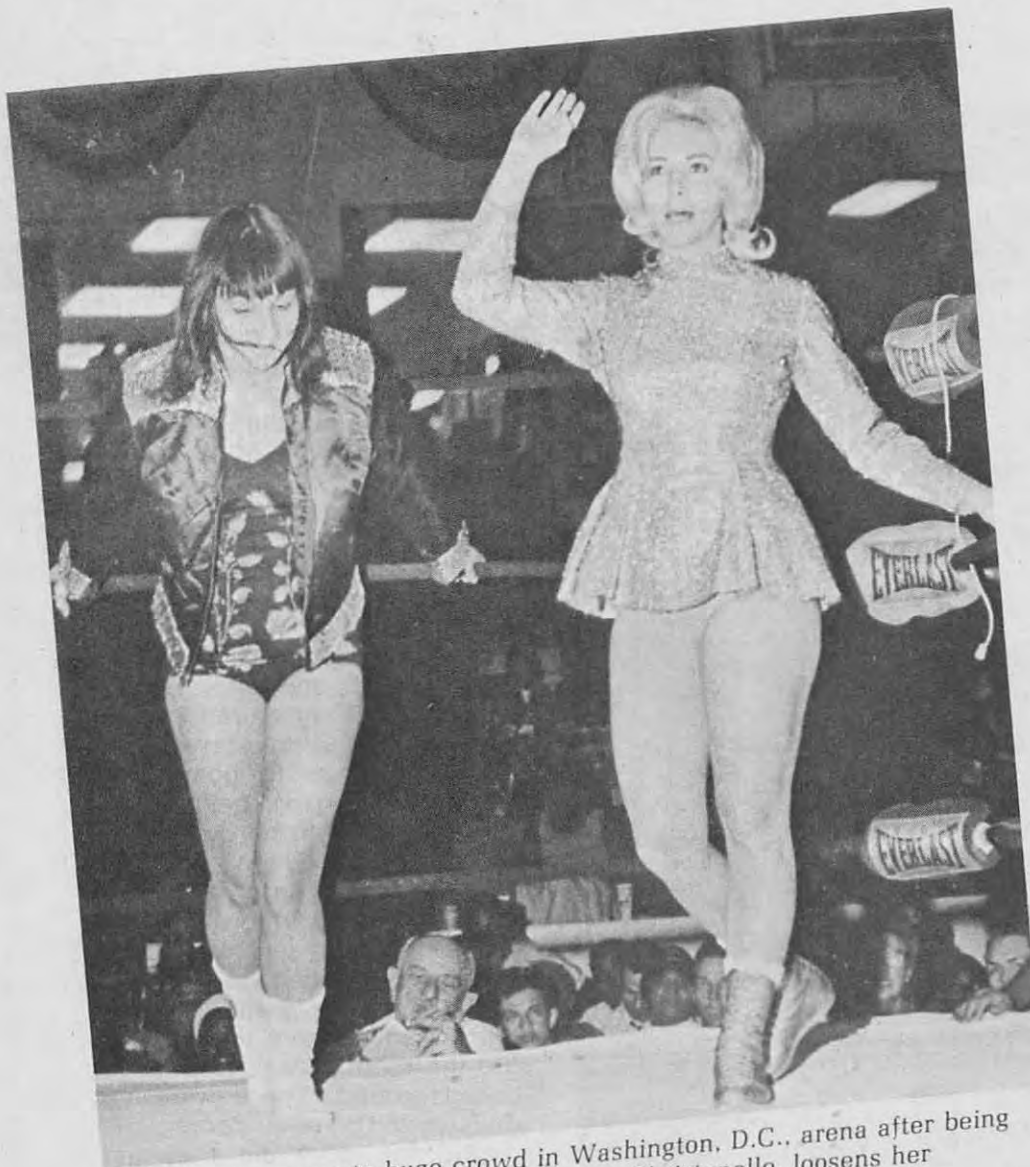
Then the strange man with the red fez and the evil smile that curls his lips bowed from the waist and walked over to the small room into which the Shiek had gone moments before. The reporters saw the door slam shut and they heard the sound of a key turn in the door. They heard some muted sounds which they could not understand. Then there was silence. They waited around for about half an hour for Farouk and his wrestler to come out. When they failed to appear, somebody knocked on the door. "Are you coming out?" the man who knocked asked. There was no reply. The man started to knock again and to his amazement the door opened under the pressure of his knock. He pushed it open further and peeked his head inside the room. It was empty. He looked around. There were no windows and no other doors.

"How the devil did they get out of this room?" the man asked. The other reporters examined the room. Nobody could give an explanation and they were all scratching their heads as they walked away. □



THE DAY MARCHED ON

**LOVELY JOYCE GRABLE WAS SICK AND TIRED OF
EQUAL OPPORTUNITY?" SHE WANTED TO KNOW
EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN IN THIS COUNTRY.
POINT, HER WORD**



Joyce Grable waves to huge crowd in Washington, D.C., arena after being introduced. Her partner that night, Donna Christanello, loosens her powerful muscles while waiting for her own introduction.

JOYCE GRABLE'S HAIR was wet with perspiration and it clung to the side of her face. Her right eye was puffy and it would surely be discolored by morning. Usually, Joyce, who is one of the prettiest of the women wrestlers, wouldn't think of being seen in public without having had a facial and a hairset. But this night was different. Joyce and her partner had just survived a tag-team match against Bette Boucher and Toni Rose. But Joyce didn't want to talk about the match.

"We came to Washington to protest," Joyce said, and she swelled her body up to say the words—she was still panting from the effects of the match.

"We want to know all about this equal opportunity baloney. There are still a lot of states in this country where women are not allowed to wrestle. Why? That's what all of us want to know. Why? Aren't we allowed to earn a living? When we wrestle, we wrestle! We don't stage girly shows. We are woman athletes. We think there are a lot

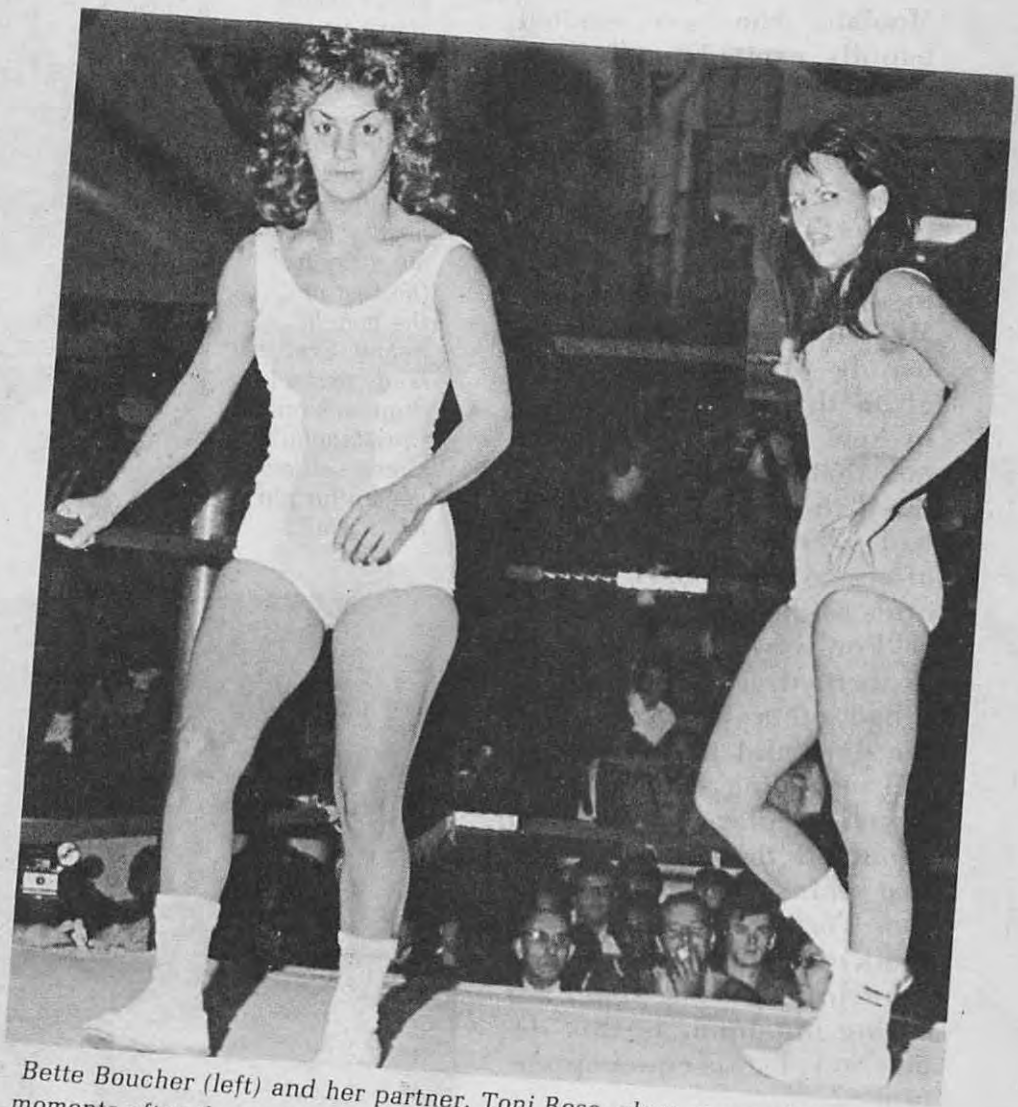
THE GIRLS WASHINGTON

**THE WHOLE THING. "WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY
"I'M ALL FOR CIVIL RIGHTS, BUT I'M ALSO FOR
WHEN JOYCE'S BLOOD REACHED THE BOILING
TURNED TO ACTION**

of lawmakers and do-gooders who are just hypocrites. They talk about equal opportunity but they don't do anything about it. They don't mean it."

Donna Christanello, Joyce's partner, joined in. "That's right," she blustered. "Anybody can go right down the line here and walk into a movie where there is love-making and nudity and I don't know what-all. That's legal. But what do we do? We wrestle. That's all. There is nothing suggestive in what we do. Hell, you can't be sexy when somebody is trying to rip your head off. And we have rules, you know. The only thing wrong with girl wrestling is that a lot of dirty old men think we have some sort of a sex circus going."

One look at Donna would convince even a "dirty old man" that she hadn't been involved in a sex circus. Donna sported a long scratch down the side of her face, a slightly swollen nose and a hole in her upper lip through which a tooth had been jolted. If sex had been concerned, from the evi-



Bette Boucher (left) and her partner, Toni Rose, glare at our photographer moments after the opening bell. Although Boucher and Rose have long resented the popularity of Joyce Grable, they joined Joyce in the Washington crusade.

dence, it had to have been the wildest party since the Marquis de Sade was dividing Gallia up into sections.

Joyce Grable, when she isn't wrestling, is pert, blonde and beautiful. But let her set her jaw in determination and she becomes stern, blonde and beautiful. This was the night she was stern.

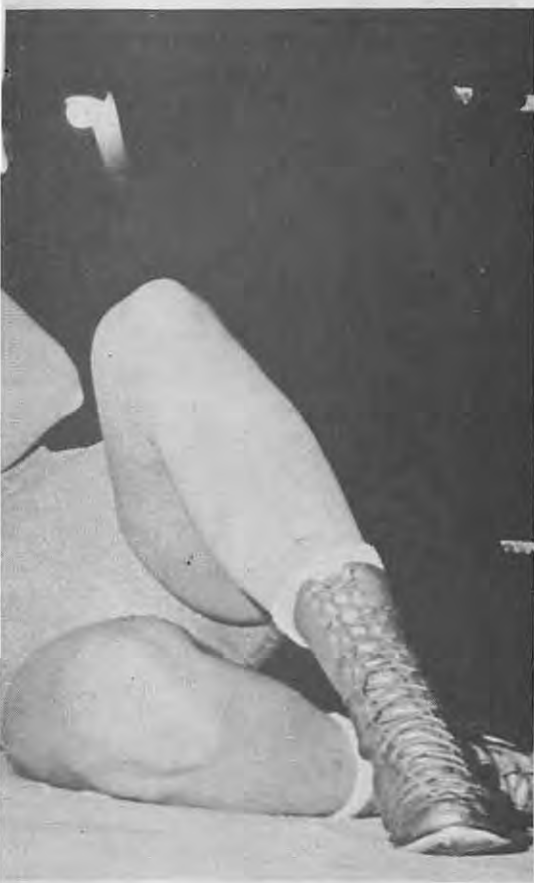
Joyce explained: "I was wrestling in Kansas City the other night when I got a phone call from Fabulous Moolah. She was excited, happily excited as she told me that she was calling from New Jersey, where she had just finished a match. 'New Jersey,' I said, not believing my ears. 'Why there has been a ban on girl wrestling in New Jersey for years.' Moolah laughed. 'Well, the ban is off. We have been given the green light again in New Jersey.' Moolah told me that the Jersey crowd loved the show and that she had received all kinds of offers to come back just as often as she wanted.

"For a while I was just as thrilled as Moolah. Then I had other thoughts. Why the devil did they ever ban girl wrestling in Jersey in the first place? And what about all those other states that refuse to license us? New York, for instance. Just think of the crowds we would draw in New York state. For crying out loud, is this democracy. Is this equal opportunity?

"Anyway, I had a brainstorm. I asked Donna Christanello to join me and she said sure. Then I called Bette Boucher. She said that she and Toni Rose would

Right: Grable puts all her strength into headlock in an attempt to make Toni Rose give up. The referee presses close to Toni and keeps asking, "have you had enough?" Toni withstood the pressure and finally broke free. She later admitted, "that headlock made me dizzy for the rest of the match. Below: Grable lands perfect drop-kick on Christanello's chest, setting her up for pin in first fall.





come with us. I wanted to come to Washington where we could lay our cause before the American Congress. How about that?

"You know I have no love for Bette Boucher, or for Toni Rose either. But we all have one thing in common. We're women. I told them that if they'd come to Washington with me I would ask promoter Vince McMahon to get us a booking there. That way we'd even pay our own transportation. So tonight we wrestled in Washington. I'm going to kill that Toni Rose one of these days—she plays rough. But I'm not going to kill her tomorrow because tomorrow all four of us are going to sit on some senator's doorsteps. We want to know why, if they're so all fired-up about equal opportunity, why they don't mean it for women as well as men?

"I believe blacks should get the same breaks that whites get. I also believe women should get the same breaks as men. That's democracy, isn't it? Or do those dirty old men think that if a woman raises a sweat in the ring that she's a bad girl? You know, in the same towns where they won't let women wrestle they have strip shows, nude stage shows and movies where, for crying out loud, they show the latest Swedish bed inventions."

Joyce Grable upsets easily. In the ring that night she had much cause to be upset—most of the cause was Toni Rose. Toni, a comely brunette, does not appear to have much venom in her

fangs—but things aren't always how they appear.

Toni has a number of gambits in her wrestling purse. On this night in Washington, she displayed most of them. There was the time when she got into an argument with the referee—a brisk enough argument so that his attention was away from the corner where Toni's partner, Bette Boucher, was throttling Donna Christanello. There was also the slight interval when Toni heard as much of the referee's count as she dared while she was holding Donna next to the ropes so that Bette could direct a series of drop kicks into Donna's belly.

There was more than a little retaliation, however. There was the time when Joyce threw a beautiful drop kick at Toni's chest; another time when Joyce got a headlock on Toni that threatened to tear off the brunette's scalp and the time that Joyce used a flying mare to bounce Bette off the ring post.

It was that kind of a night.

"But tomorrow morning we are going to be up bright and early," Bette said. "We are going to make a tour of Congress. We are going to go to our own Representatives and our own Senators and then we're going to try and grab every Congressman in sight, no matter where they come from. Joyce is right in this. Why should women be deprived of a livelihood in a sport that men indulge in? See the newspapers lately? See how woman jockeys are allowed to race against male jockeys?

(Continued)

Why not, that's what I say. Women can do anything men can do. And, if a woman can do it, why should the law refuse to let her do it?

"It's like Joyce says. These laws were made years ago by people who didn't know what they were doing. Now the laws are kept on the books by dirty old men. Let me tell you, brother, if that wrestling match we had tonight was sex, there wouldn't be any more human race!"

It rained the following morning in Washington. Joyce and Donna had hidden the scars of the previous night's warfare with cosmetics. The four girls met in front of their hotel and took a cab to the Capitol building. They split into twosomes and then started the canvassing of representatives and senators, which would take all day.

When it was over, Toni called it "a helluva day." Joyce explained: "We talked to more congressmen than I ever knew existed," she said. "Some were darn nice; a couple of them wanted to take us out. But what could they do for us? Nothing. They have a new dodge; it's this: 'That's a state matter, my dear,' they tell you. 'I sure wish I could help y'all, but there's such a thing as state's right, y'know.' Did you ever hear anything like that?"

And what are the girls going to do now? March on the capital of every state that doesn't allow women to wrestle?

"No," Joyce said, "that's not practical. But what we have to do is organize. What we have to do is to get a war chest started; money to



Most savage exchanges in bout were between Toni Rose and Donna Christanello. Above: Toni (light suit) is whipped across the ring by Donna. But Rose recovered quickly and managed to bring Donna to her knees, get behind her, then slam away at Christanello's back and kidneys. This savage attack weakened Donna badly and just as she was about to fall apart, Joyce Grable came to her rescue.



fight this thing. Maybe we can get the promoters to help. We're good for the wrestling business; we know that as well as they do. Maybe the promoters will try pressuring their state capitals—or maybe they'll just refuse to put on any more shows until women are given the right to be equal."

"A fat chance they'd do that," Toni Rose sneered. Behind her, Bette Boucher tittered.

"It might not be such a dumb idea," Donna Christanello said. "All they'd have to do is to call off one

show and say why they called it off. That would give the thing a heck of a lot of publicity. That's all we need—publicity. We have to reach the people—the right people—the people who make the laws."

The girls had to leave. They were wrestling in Georgia the following night.

"Oh, one thing more, Toni," Joyce said.

"What's that, Joyce?"

"You kick me in the stomach tomorrow night like you did here in Washington and I'll split your head open." □

Hell's Bells!

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT HELL'S ANGELS?

Ronnie and Paul Dupree like to portray themselves as rip-roaring toughies, but behind their bluster are some things that they would prefer to keep quiet



THE MAN WHO STEPPED out of the car in front of the coffee house in what was once San Francisco's raucous Barbary Coast was well-dressed. His suit hugged him tightly; his shoes were shined and his golden hair hung down to the shoulders of the jacket that was lapelled with rich, blue velvet.

East of San Francisco he was known as Golden Boy Dupree. He was the goody-goodiest of professional wrestlers. He was soft-spoken, polite and addicted to taking bows. He might have been the closest thing to Frank Merriwell to ever climb through the ropes of a wrestling ring.

"Excuse me," he said, bowing to a gaunt, jean-draped figure in the doorway of the coffee house. "I'm looking for Paul Dupree. I understand he frequents this 'restaurant.'"

The man in the doorway laughed until some of the dirt that clung to him cracked off like



RONNIE DUPREE



chips from a slab of slate.

"You're Paul's brother?" the man asked. And then he whooped. "Paul's brother?" He laughed so hard tears came to his eyes. "Paul's brother. Whee, wait until I tell the Angels that Paulie Dupree has a sweet little old brother."

This was followed by a moment of silence—silence if you don't count the swish of Golden Boy Dupree's fist going through the air. The period of silence was brief. It was followed by the noise of a body crashing into tables and chairs. The man in the doorway had only seen the shined shoes and the velvet lapels. He didn't stop to appraise the shoulders on the suit, shoulders that contain a few more muscles than medical science had ever charted.

The man in the doorway had also been a victim of poor timing. Ronnie "Golden Boy" Dupree was in San Francisco because he was getting rapidly sick of his Frank Merriwell image. The rough guys in wrestling seemed to be having all the fun. Ron wanted to dump his gentlemanly deportment. He wanted some of that fun. He wanted to be a rough guy—part of a tag team of rough guys. What he needed was a partner. The roughest guy he knew was his brother Paul. It was worth a trip to San Francisco.

The noise of the man from the doorway splattering the furniture brought Paul out from a back room of the coffee house. The brothers

embraced as brothers should who haven't seen each other in three years.

Ron told Paul about his plans. "We'll be dynamite," he said. "We'll be the Daring Duprees. We will clean up all the other teams."

Paul didn't think so.

"I don't know anything at all about wrestling," he protested. "Look, Ron, I know all about roughhouse fighting and street brawling, but I don't know about wrestling... And there's something else, too. I've got a cycle. I'm a member of the Hell's Angels. That's the best motorcycle group in the world. It's more than that—it's a movement. I don't want to leave them. It's like that, man."

But Ron didn't budge. If all Paul knew was street fighting, good. He'd teach Paul wrestling and Paul would teach him street fighting. You need to be proficient at both in professional wrestling. Paul wanted to help the Hell's Angels along? Good. Instead of calling themselves the Daring Duprees (Hell, I didn't like that name, anyway) they'd call themselves the "Hell's Angels." What better publicity could the bike gang get than having a top tag team named after them?

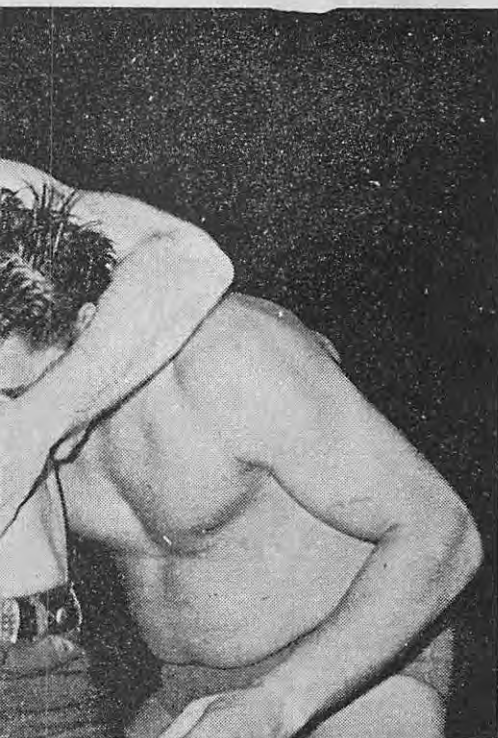
The tag team called the Hell's Angels was born that day. It's a day that every other tag team in the business can regret ever having occurred.

Ron taught Paul how to wrestle, but it seemed that Paul taught Ron a lot more. Ron was quick to learn

Above: Paul holds Frankie Laine's head securely under his arm while taking aim at Frankie's scalp with his right fist. The blow opened a deep gash, causing a steady flow of blood which weakened Laine and set him up for the brutal beating that was to follow.

Below: Ronnie poses with his hand resting on Paul's shoulder.





PAUL DUPREE



the finesse of street fighting. And he was fast to take on Paul's dress—jeans, boots and a black jacket. He learned to swagger. Frank Merriwell was left back in that San Francisco coffee house.

The ring strategy of the Hell's Angels duplicates the way they look and live. They never stop moving in the ring. They sneer, they swagger and they treat both opponents and the fans with equal disdain. "We don't owe anyone anything," Paul will tell you. "We're the best. We do what we want and how we want and if anyone doesn't like it they can try to stop us."

That brings a big laugh from both the brothers.

The Hell's Angels do not believe they can be stopped.

"We have never really lost a bout," Ron states proudly. "The only time we lose is when some lousy referee disqualifies us for doing something the other team was probably doing too. We wear championship belts because we know we are the champions. We don't care who says we aren't. We know we are. That's what counts."

The Hell's Angels can be heard almost any night they are in town. Mostly it's the roar of their motorcycles that churn the air and blast the eardrums. "When you hear that noise you know the Hell's Angels are here," Ron says. "That's the way we want it."

There is no doubt that the Duprees are tough. Ask any man who has suffered from being on the

receiving end of the "Angel Drop." This is the Angel's gambit of grabbing a man in a reverse bear hug and then lifting the man off the canvas and slamming him down on an Angel's knee. It usually brings out screams. It's almost always a submission hold.

But they are not always that tough. Sometimes the brothers are apt to give a casual visitor the picture of domestic serenity. Take, for instance, when a haircut is needed. One will drape a sheet around him while the other will snip away with the scissors.

"A little more on the sides, please. Not too much off the top."

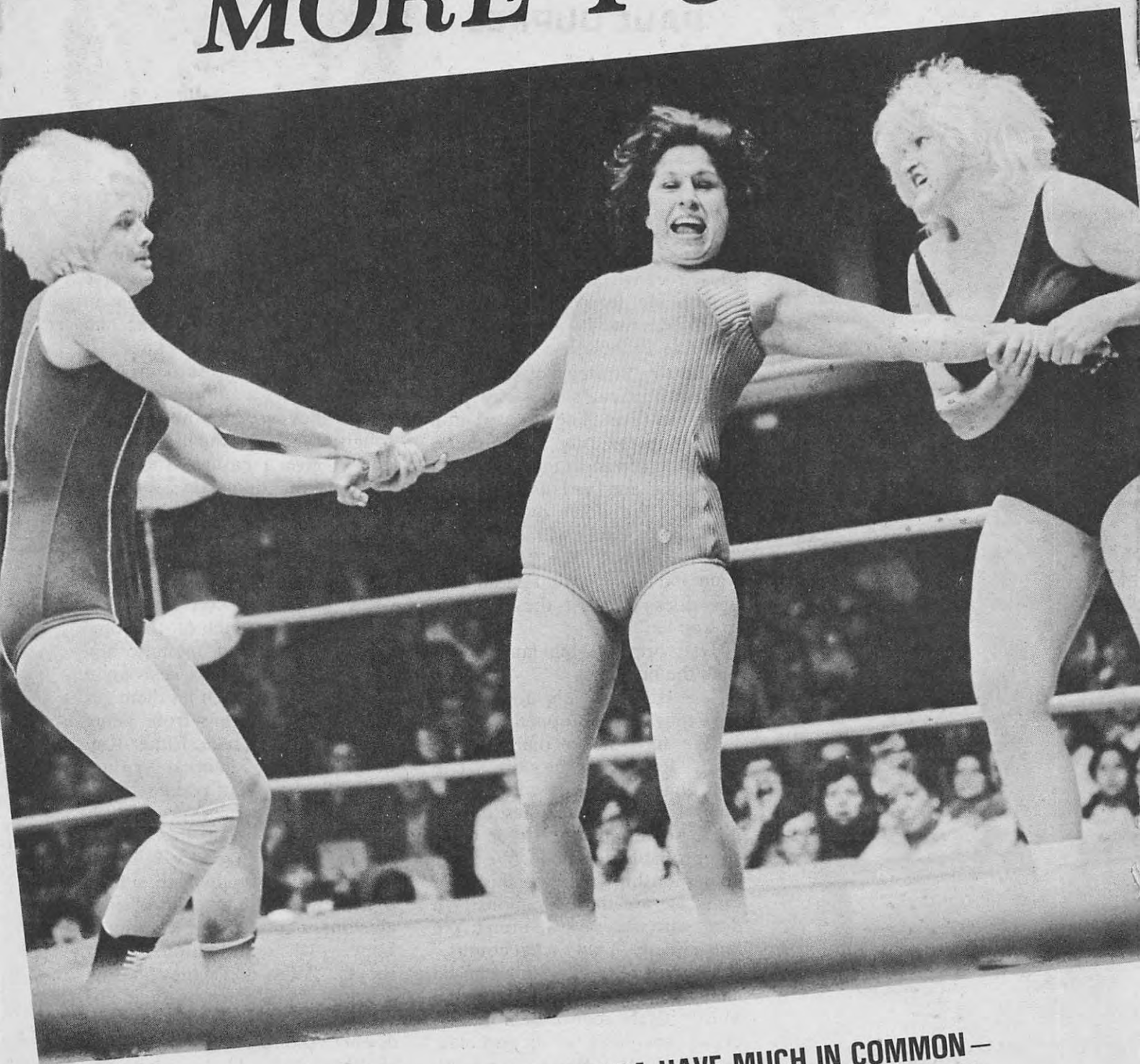
Or...let one of them lose a brass button from his vest when the fans maul him. Or let them get a tear in their jeans from being over-active on a bike. Either Ron or Paul is proficient at sewing. Both wield a mean needle. They have to. Neither man owns a suit, or a tie. It's sew up the tear or go ragged.

The Hell's Angels keep yelling that they are running out of capable opponents. "What we want is some real competition," Ron shouts. "Why don't they get us someone like that hotshot jumping bean Vittorio Apollo? Why doesn't Apollo get a partner and challenge us? That's what we want."

They might get that opposition, too. Especially when it gets around that the Hell's Angels can help a guy out with a little fancy needlework between falls. □



BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN--



JANE SHERILL AND PATTY O'HARA HAVE MUCH IN COMMON—
BOTH ARE LEADING PROFESSIONAL WRESTLERS, BOTH HAVE
GOLDEN HAIR, AND BOTH HAVE THE SAME IDEAS ABOUT
WHERE THE ACTION IS AFTER THE BOUTS ARE OVER

Opposite page: Lita Marez is caught in the middle as Jane Sherill (left) and Patty O'Hara try to pull her arms out of their sockets. Below: Sherill and O'Hara both slam their knees into Lita's stomach at exactly the same time. Left: O'Hara (left) and Sherill stand in their corner waiting to be introduced.



PERT AND PRETTY, Patty O'Hara wrestles in a snug black gym suit that molds her shape and makes an onlooker wonder why Hollywood producers passed

over Patty when she was trying to crash the movies a couple of years ago.

It might have been her disposition. Possessor of one of the sweetest smiles this side



of the Mona Lisa, Patty can get down-right mean. That shape of her body hides strength enough to hurl a woman 20 pounds heavier in a picturesque parabola—right out of the ring.

"What do I care about the movies," Patty wanted to know. "I guess they figured they have enough blondes without me." With that she ran her fingers through her golden hair. "And anyway," she said, "I'm having fun

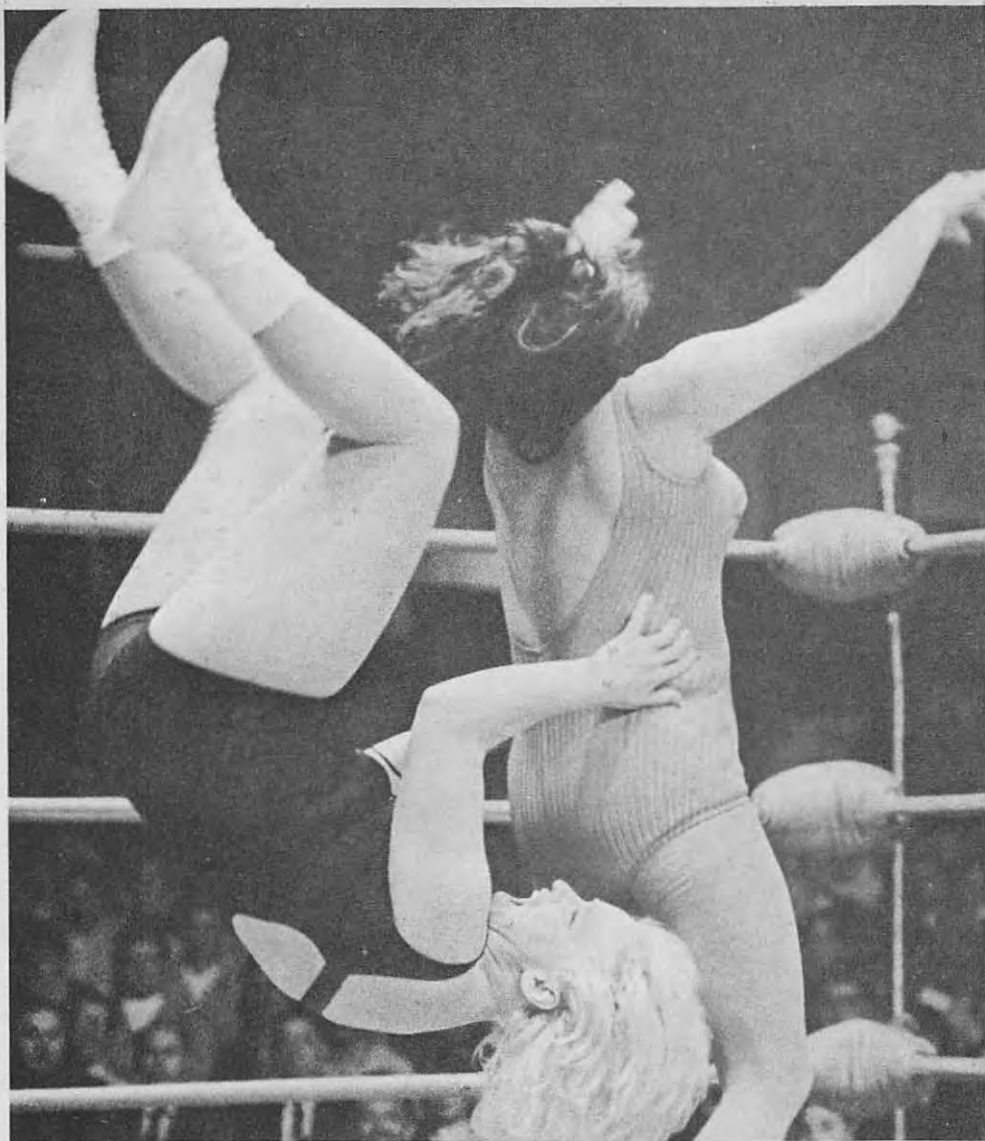
Lita Marez let out a cry of rage as she flipped Patty O'Hara over her head (right). What angered Marez was Patty's repeated kicking and eye gouging. But as soon as O'Hara regained her composure, she called her partner, Jane Sherill, into the ring and together they ganged up on Marez (below), cutting her over the eye and leaving her gasping for breath after kneeling her countless times in the stomach.

now. I'm getting a real kick out of wrestling—especially since I teamed up with Jane Sherill. We make a great team—two blondes who enjoy themselves.”

Jane Sherill is as busty as Patty is pert. While Patty's black gym suit holds her snug, Jane's modified black bathing suit always seems to be on the point of letting her down—or letting her out. This doesn't bother Jane. “When you wrestle you have to be comfortable,” she says. “I dress the best way I can and still be comfortable. I haven't had any accidents yet and I don't expect to have any. But if I do—so what?”

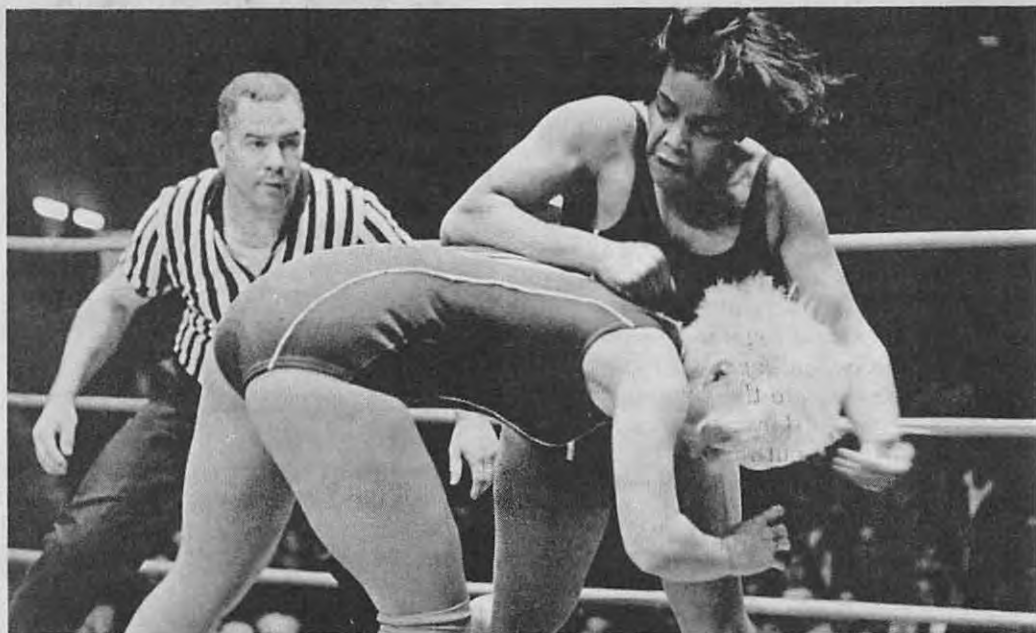
Jane is also a product of the movie itch. Heavier than Patty and with a jaw that assumes lantern proportions when she grimaces, she has the face of a comedienne. In earlier days, before she put on heft to better manage the opponents she faces in the ring, Jane's shape was show-girlish. Now it might be called Junoesque—but if you think that's bad, ask Daddy.

“I've watched Jane wrestle a good deal,” Patty said. “As a matter of fact, I've





Sherill's hair stands on end as if charged with a bolt of electricity (above). What really caused Jane to appear about to explode was a sharp judo chop across her throat delivered by Black Venus. When Jane came into range again, Venus smacked her on the back of the neck.



wrestled her and she's as strong and as mean as any girl in the business. When I was asked to be her partner in a tag bout, I jumped at the chance. What a pleasure to have Jane Sherill as your partner instead of as your opponent. And Jane has taught me that wrestling can be fun. Of course you have to have a mean streak in you to get fun out of wrenching somebody's arms from their sockets. But when you learn that if you don't do it to them, they'll do it to you, it gets to be fun."

"We sure showed them tonight, didn't we, Honey," Jane said. Both girls had shown "them." The "thems" were Lita Marez, a long-time rival of Jane's, and Black Venus, one of the strongest women in wrestling, and Linda Harris, a mild-mannered gal in appearance who can wreck you if you get too close to the ropes when she's standing on the apron.

For this match, held in Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium, Jane and Patty had tough Panama Franco as their third team member. Panama didn't have the fun that Patty and Jane had but

she helped the two platinum blondes have their fun.

This is the maneuver: Panama would zero in on Lita Marez and bounce her around with butts until Lita was dizzy. A tag would then bring Patty into the ring and Patty would latch onto Lita's wrist and start twirling. At a yell from Patty, Jane would leap into the ring, grab Lita's other wrist and start tug-of-war. When it seemed that Lita's arms might loosen or the referee might intervene, Patty and Jane would stop tugging and drop Lita with knee kicks to the body.

"Poor Lita," Patty said, "she certainly took a beating. But I have to admit I enjoyed every second of it."

"Poor Lita, my foot," Jane snapped. "That woman has done an awful lot of dirty things to me. It was a pleasure to get even. I hope she can't eat for a week." Then Jane started laughing. "It sure was fun, wasn't it?"

"Sure," Patty said, "like the saying goes, Blondes have more fun."

"You said it, Honey," Jane chirped. "They can keep the movies. We're the stars here." □

RENE GOULET SPEAKS OUT ON:

- 1) AMERICAN WRESTLERS VS. EUROPEAN WRESTLERS
- 2) AMERICAN WOMEN VS. EUROPEAN WOMEN
- 3) THE GOOD LIFE

THE WAITRESS IN the Minneapolis cafeteria almost collapsed through the swinging doors. "Help me," she cried. "Somebody grab me before I just die." She was grabbed. Two waiters, a salad chef and a busboy held her upright.

"All right," she said, "for crying out loud, don't smother me. But guess what happened to me! Look" and she pointed through the oval glass panes on the door. "Do you see that big guy over there—that beautiful big guy over there? Well, he just asked me for a date."

The guy was Rene Goulet. He is big and any girl could consider him beautiful. But there was more than that. The waitress, you see, read the gossip columns. That day in the local newspaper was the story about Rene Goulet—and how he had turned down an offer to appear in a movie with Bri-

gitte Bardot.

It had to do more for a girl than a new girdle. He had turned down a chance to make movie love to *The Bardot* and then asked this waitress for a date! Put your mental computer to work. If you're that waitress, two and two add up to Goulet prefers you to Bardot. Simple?

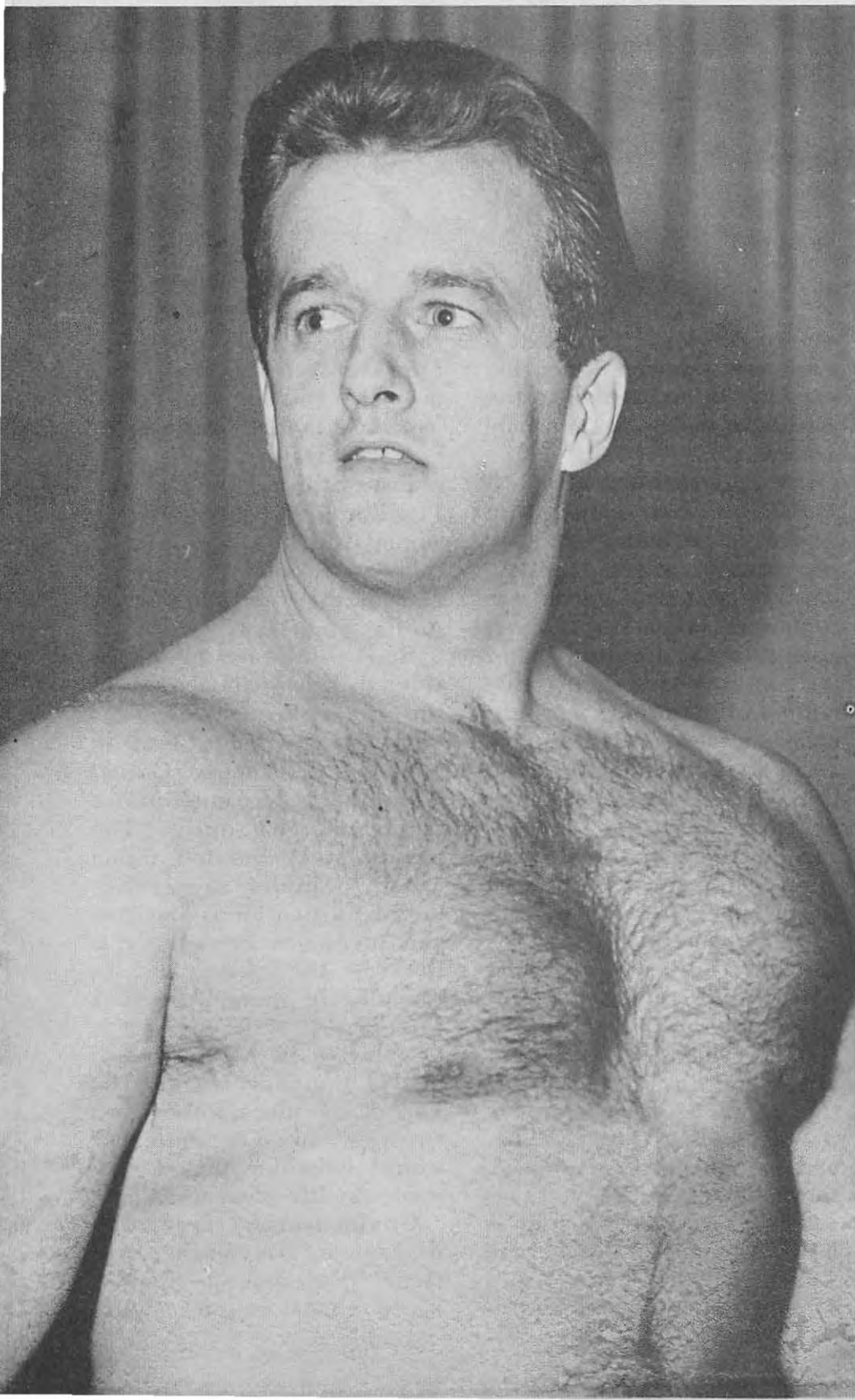
Not too damned simple.

Rene Goulet, you see, is one of the most sought-after wrestlers in the world—Brigitte Bardot included among the seekers. Goulet is tall, broad, muscular, handsome and speaks English with an accent of a 30-year-old Maurice Chevalier. Most of all he is sought by wrestling promoters. Book Goulet and you might have to call out the gendarmes, the Moun-ties or the local police to keep things under control.

Rene Goulet is heroic. It's not an act. Rene Goulet cannot help but be heroic. He

FRANCE'S SEXIEST
EXPORT TO AMERICA
SINCE CHANEL NO. 5
TELLS IT LIKE IT IS
—WITHOUT SPARING
ANYBODY'S
TENDER FEELINGS

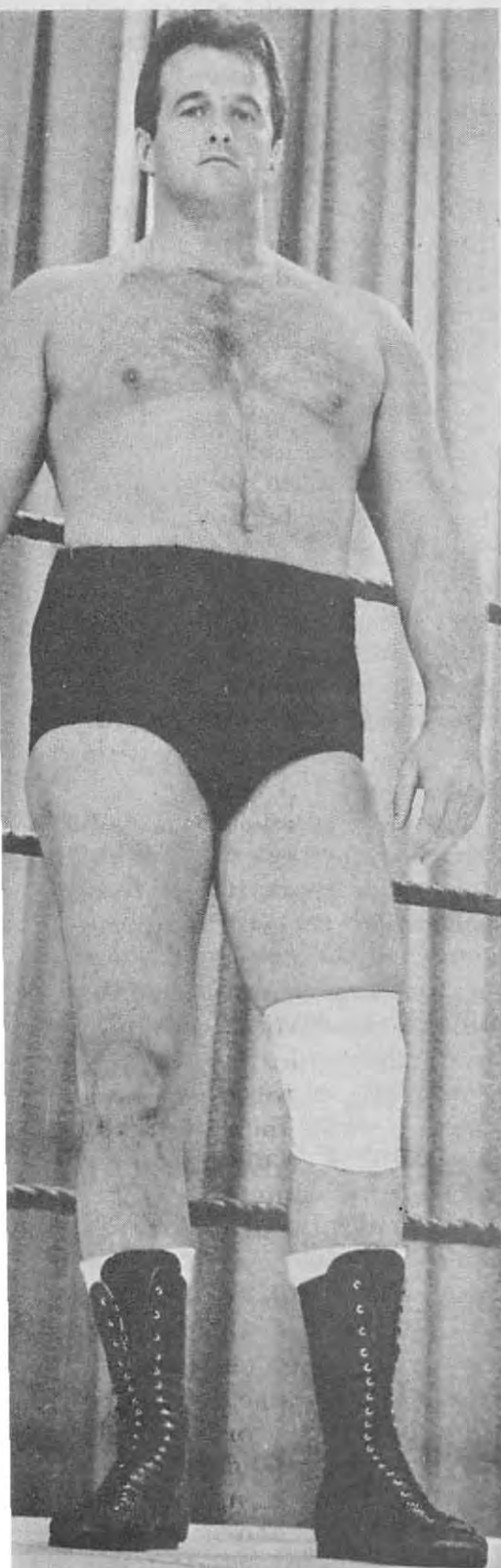
By Maureen O'Neill



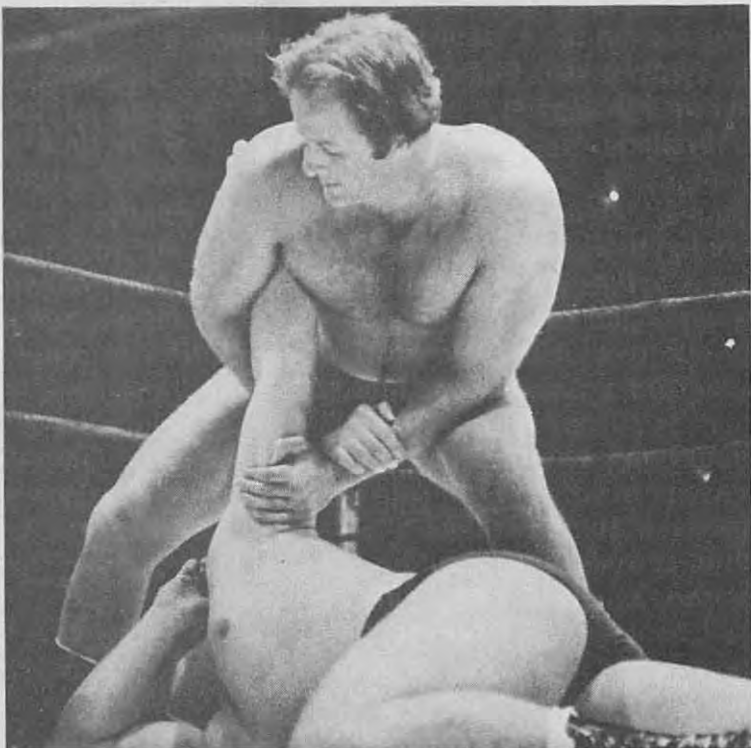
stands tall and he thinks that way, too. Rene is the knight who wants to rescue the fair maiden. On a day when there isn't a fair maiden to be rescued, Rene is disconsolate.

"Most woman find life a bore," he explains. "Being French, I expect that I feel a stronger rapport with women than the average American does. If I see a beautiful American woman working and tired and bored, I am prompted to ask her for a date; I want to relieve her boredom. I want to show her a good time. American women are imaginative and alive. Show an American woman a delightful evening and she will bubble over. She will be very grateful. It is such a pleasure to do something for someone who appreciates you. And don't think I am being selfish. They are wonderful for me, too. They build my ego. An

**"THE PRETTIEST GIRL
IN MY CLASS CHANGED
ME FROM A SOCCER
PLAYER TO A
WRESTLER."**



Goulet says American wrestlers are much bigger than European wrestlers. However Rene's magnificent physique (left) compares favorably with that of any American. Right: Goulet uses pet armlock on foe.



American woman can make a man feel more masculine than any other woman in the world. It is I who must be grateful."

But Brigitte Bardot?

"Oh," Goulet said, "that is not important. The role with Bardot was not important. What they wanted was someone with a lot of muscles to make her boyfriend jealous. Any amount of muscles would do. Sure, I would kiss her in the film. But so what? I should not tell you this, but it is a fact. I have kissed Bardot before—and there was no movie camera watching, either."

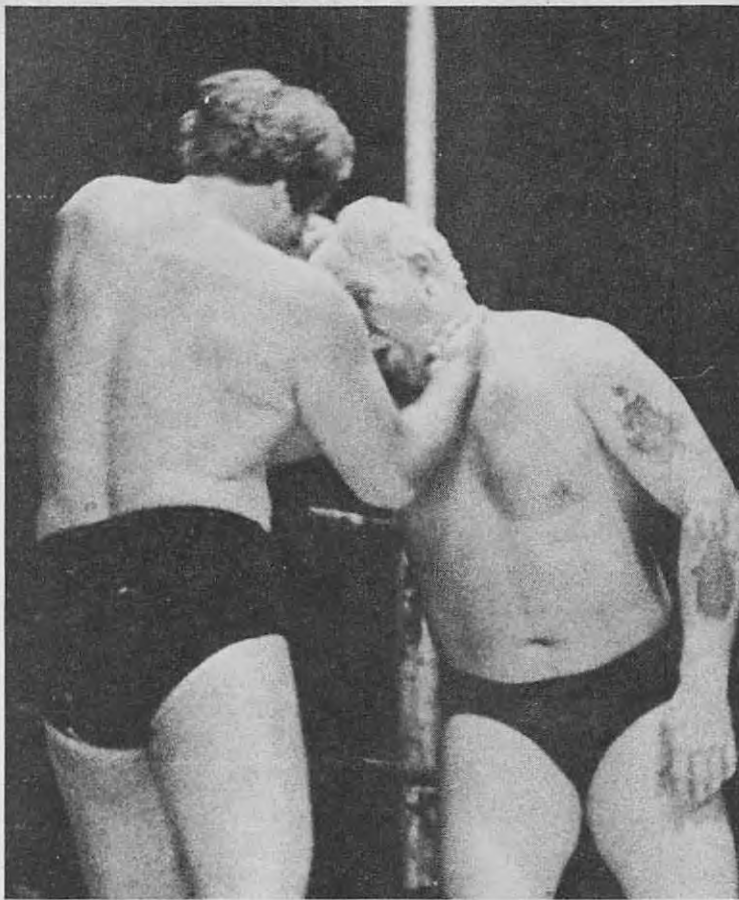
Perhaps American women and Rene's penchant for gallantry have not been the only things that have kept Rene Goulet in America. But they have helped. Actually, Rene stays here most of the time because of—face it—the money, but also because of the type of opposition he meets in the States.

"The American wrestler is much bigger than the average European," he says. "When I am matched with an Ameri-

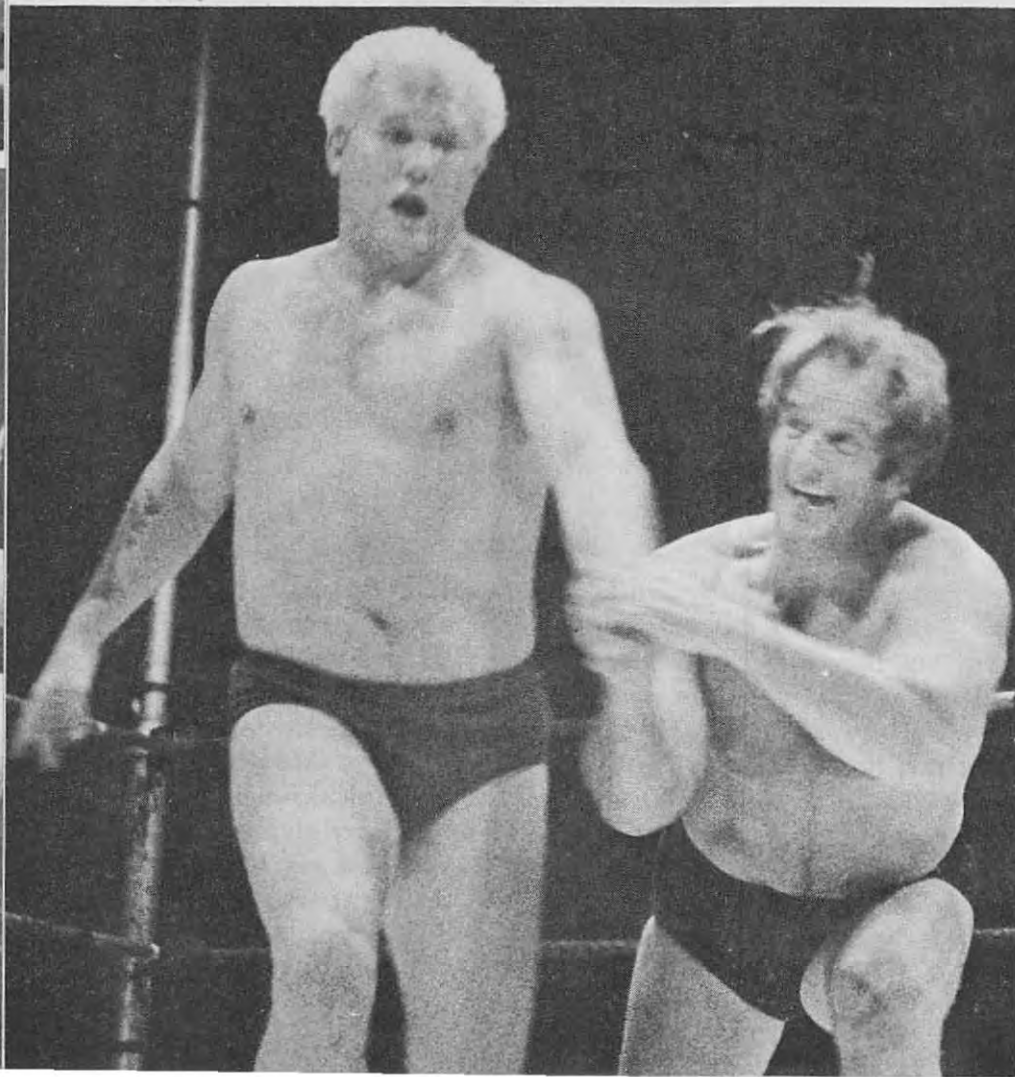
can—almost any American, I am matched with a man my own size (6-2, 230 pounds). Not only that, he is tougher and perhaps dirtier than any man I could meet in Europe. I tell myself, 'Rene, if you someday will be the tops in this profession you have chosen, than you must wrestle the Americans'."

Rene Goulet has been heralded by Edouard Carpentier, the great French star, as "the finest wrestler ever to come out of France." Goulet is humble before such praise and from such a source. "The master gives me too much credit," Goulet says. "Edouard Carpentier is the reason there are French wrestlers in the States and in Canada. He opened the door for the rest of us. But he is over-lavish in his praise of me. If someday I would be known as the number two wrestler to Carpentier I would consider that I had made my life a success."

Goulet learned to wrestle in France. His teacher was Henri DeGlane, a former world heavyweight cham-



In bout with Harley Race, Goulet had to call on all his strength and skill to survive. Left: Rene staggers Race with judo chop across the neck. When he had Race softened up, Goulet whipped Harley back and forth across the ring (below).



pion, who had also taught Carpentier. Rene, in the fashion of the virtuoso, has been able to fashion DeGlane's teachings to his own capabilities. Something DeGlane showed him has been developed by Goulet into a submission hold which is so devastating that several wrestlers have demanded it be banned. This is Rene's pet "submarine."

With the "submarine" Rene managed to stay undefeated for three years in the U.S. and Canada.

Rene began wrestling when he was 15 years old. He had been an avid soccer player but the prettiest girl in his class at school admired wrestlers more than soccer players. So Rene became a wrestler.

It was a matter of endurance for Rene to get Henri DeGlane interested in his career. "I trotted after him everywhere he went," Goulet says. "I kept telling him what a great prospect I was. I also told Henri stories about the gambling casinos at Cannes. I think it was those gambling stories that attracted him. Whatever it was, he was kind enough to give me his undivided attention for a long time.

DeGlane tutored Rene for two years and then graduated him. "I cannot teach you any more," DeGlane told the boy who by then had grown into a 21-year-old man. "One more day with you and I would become the student and you the teacher." It was high praise from the point of highest praise.

DeGlane spread the news of Goulet's coming of wrestling age. "He can be as great as he wants to be," DeGlane

said. "He has the desire, the competitive spirit and the ability to be one of the world's great champions.

The words more than flattered Goulet. In a sense they embarrassed him.

"I will do all I can to live up to Henri's recommendation," he said. "But everyone must remember that wrestling in America is much different than wrestling as we know it in France. In America a man must not only be able to finesse an opponent, he must also be able to stop his opponent—by any means—as a way of protecting himself. Each time I wrestle an American, I learn something new."

Rene Goulet almost always wrestles by the rules. He is content to oppose science with science, finesse with finesse. But the years in American rings have taught him the tricks of survival. Let an opponent attempt to gouge out Rene's eyes and Rene reacts with a kick to the groin or a judo chop or a head butt—whatever means is available to him.

"A wrestler in an American ring must always remember that he has to live. That is the first thing. If a man attempts to use dirty tricks on me I must retaliate immediately. He must be taught that whatever he uses will be used against him. I find that this is the best way to cool off some of these so-called 'madmen'," Rene says.

Goulet has not allowed himself to become imbued with the American way of wrestling life, however. "I find it necessary to go home



Although he has an army of devoted admirers, many of them gorgeous young ladies who would give just about anything for a date with him, Goulet enjoys being alone now and then. Above: Rene dines by himself in plush restaurant. Goulet works out in the gymnasium every day. And when the workout is over, and it isn't raining, he finds the nearest park in town and strolls around, sometimes for hours. "Walking in the park brings me close to nature," he says.



to France every now and then," he says. "I am a man born on the waters of the Mediterranean. For me not to see wonderful sea is to be blind. So, every now and then I say to myself, 'Rene, you are homesick, yes? You must go home to Nice, yes?' So I go home to Nice."

"Is it because of the girls in Nice that you go home?"

you ask Rene. He frowns. "Girls everywhere are nice," he says. "In France they are beautiful. But in the United States they are grateful and beautiful, too. Maybe some nights I lie awake and think of Brigitte Bardot. But then I rouse myself. I say to myself, 'Rene, remember that waitress in Minneapolis?'"

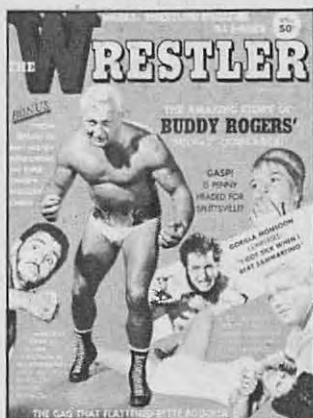
"I am serene once more." □



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By David (Silento) Rodriguez

'MINE IS A OF HOPE

**"I CANNOT HEAR. I CANNOT SPEAK.
BUT MY LIFE IS RICH AND FULL. SOME-
TIMES I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU WHO
CAN DO THE THINGS I CAN'T DO"**

I AM CALLED "El Silento,"—the Silent One.

I am deaf. I cannot speak. Words are sounds and I have never heard those sounds. People learn to speak by imitating the sounds they hear. There is nothing for me to imitate. I have spent my whole life in a world without music, without talk. Talk is people moving their lips. Music is tremors I can feel if I touch the top of a piano when it is being played.

My name is David Rodriguez. I was educated in the States although I was born in Monterrey, Baja California. I can only read and write in English. I know the words as they appear—not as they sound. In speech, I am in a sense, multi-lingual—I cannot hear in any language.

I am a wrestler. Perhaps this is the occupation I am best fitted for. I am very strong and I have learned



SILENT WORLD AND LOVE'

Editor's note: The man known as Silento Rodriguez is one of the world's most amazing athletes. But he is a man withdrawn into himself. Trying to communicate with him is difficult. We tried for a long time to convince Mr. Rodriguez to write his story so that his army of admirers could have an insight into his unusual life. He finally agreed and we are proud to publish Silento Rodriguez' heart-warming story exactly as he wrote it.



Rodriguez "talks" with his wife, Peggy Sue. "We do not need words. We have our hands, our expressions, our love," he maintains. David and Peggy were married in a wrestling ring in Amarillo, Texas.

my art well. I watched others and I imitated them. Then I improvised on what I had seen. Perhaps it sounds like sour grapes of a sort, but I am not always sorry that I am deaf. In the ring being deaf is an asset. I have seen too many wrestlers distracted by sounds from outside the ring or fooled by words their opponents might say to them. In the ring there are no distractions for me. I look only

in front of me and I wrestle.

Being strong and well conditioned is something I inherited. My father was strong, a perfect athlete. It is because he was such a perfect athlete that I am deaf.

Once, when I was three years old, I was standing with my father on a high cliff which overlooked the Gulf of California where my mother was washing clothes. We had come to see my moth-

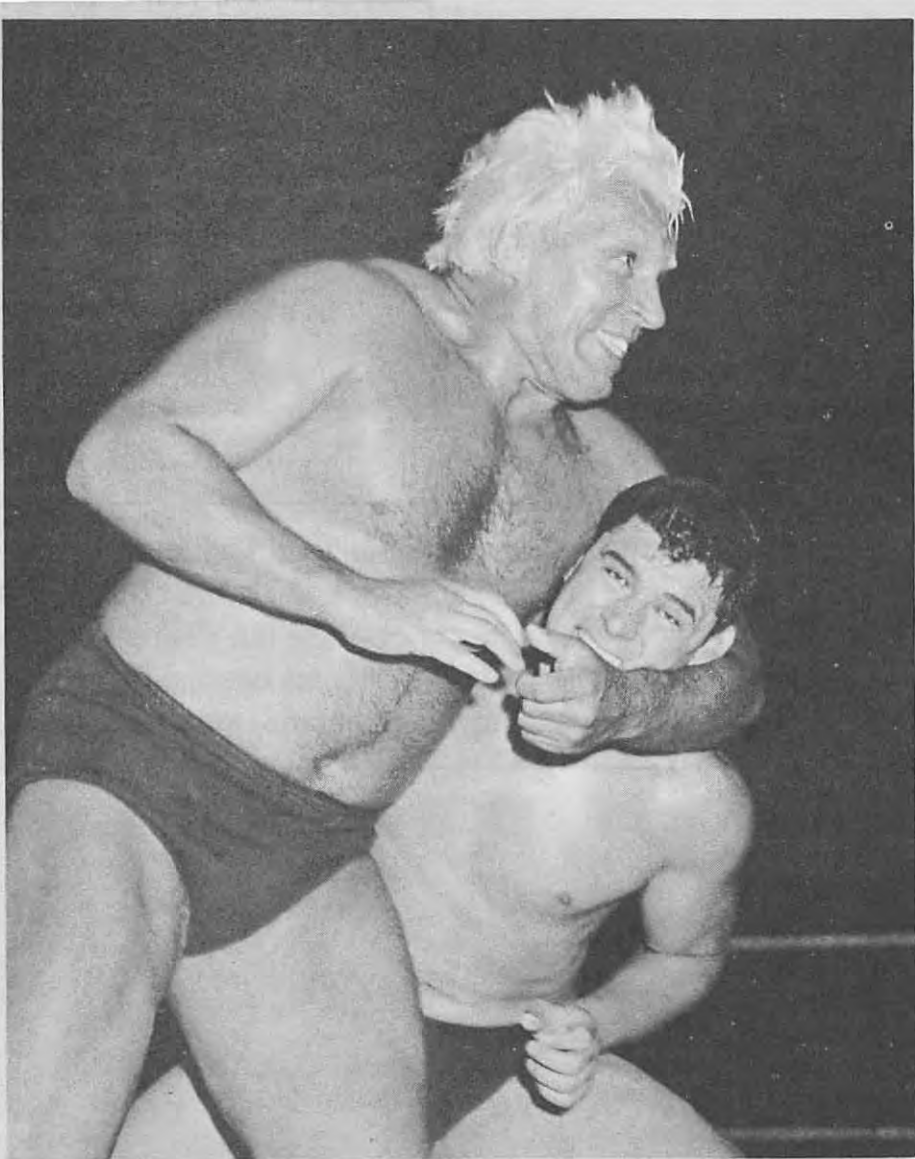
er. My father waved to her below—about 50 feet below. She waved back and my father laughed. "Wait here," I guess he said to me. Of course I don't remember. But he peeled his trousers off and arched into a high, beautiful dive that carried him as straight as an arrow into the water below. Then I made a terrible mistake. I followed my father. There is only one sound I can re-

call from the time when I could hear. I heard—and can still hear—my mother's screams.

Since that day my mother has illustrated how I fell, end-over-end. She has tried to tell me with her hands how close I came to death or having my legs or back broken. None of these things happened. What did happen was that I was knocked unconscious by the impact of my fall and blood poured out of my ears. For a long time my parents thought I had injured my brain because I failed to respond when they talked to me. Eventually they learned I was deaf.

I said my father was strong and that I am strong, too. These things are true. But strength can be wasted if it is not trained. Again, being deaf probably helped me gain the body I have today—the body which helps me make a fine living for my family.

Boys who grow up deaf realize early that they are **different**. Other children notice the difference, too. Children, the normal ones, abuse those who are handicapped. A handicapped child learns early to be by himself, to shun the children who would abuse him. I accepted solitude as a way of life. It was part of being deaf. Deafness is also solitude. Of course I was lonely. That is part of being a **different** child. But I spent my loneliness doing what my father did. I swam; I worked; I ran; I wrestled. At 13, there were no more children who made fun of me because I was deaf. I was no bully but I warned



Top: Rodriguez appears to be at a dangerous disadvantage as big Tarzan Tyler holds him in a headlock. But seconds after picture was taken, he easily broke the hold. Above: Silento twists Treach Phillips' head.

the others and they understood.

In the English language school where I was educated, I wrestled other boys who were also deaf. We taught each other some of the things I still use. I can "hear" through my feet on the canvas; this is something that we all strove to learn. I has served me well.

When I became a man in age as well as development, I wanted to turn professional. I had wrestled as an amateur for too many years. There was a living to be earned. For some time the promoters in the towns I visited refused to book me. My handicap would be against me, they argued. I insisted it would not. But they were adamant. Do you know something? People who are **normal** are embarrassed when someone who is deaf tries to communicate with them. Why is that? I found this almost always to be true.

Finally, I got a break. One day, a bus that was carrying some professional wrestlers to a wrestling show in Port Arthur, Texas, broke down about 50 miles from the town. I was in Port Arthur at the time, working out in a local gymnasium. The promoter, who had been stalling me for some time, needed me now. He came over to where I was exercising and motioned at me to give him the small pad I always carry. He wrote these words on my pad, "Do you want to wrestle tonight?" I was so happy that I shook my head, "Yes," for the next five minutes.

I wrestled that night and I won. The promoter booked me



again. I won again. I have been wrestling ever since. And I still win.

I was wrestling one night in Galveston, Texas. My opponent was a giant of a man whose name I cannot remember. But that is not important. What is important is that he threw me out of the ring and I landed against the long legs of a beautiful young lady who was sitting in a ringside seat. I could tell that she screamed as she leaped to her feet. She was more frightened than hurt.

The next day, I got the address of that young lady from the doctor who had bandaged her ankle in the first aid room. I went to her house. I was embarrassed. She was so pretty and I couldn't talk to her. All I could do was smile and blush and write on my pad



Left: Rodriguez has powerful, well-proportioned body. Though small for a wrestler, no opponent has ever really over-powered him. Above: Silento is swamped by autograph seekers after all his bouts.

what I wanted her to know.

Her name was Peggy Sue. We were married a few months later. That was in 1960. The "church" for our wedding was the wrestling ring at Amarillo, Tex.

Peggy Sue was always a wrestling fan. But since our wedding almost nine years ago, she has been my assistant, too. Peggy Sue always sits in the front row. We have worked out hand signals. She hears. And she passes on to me the things she hears.

Peggy Sue says she is proud of me. She says I am a living example that a man who is handicapped can be a success. This embarrasses me. It is true that I have worked long and hard for my success. But most of my success is due to my strong body.

And, as I told you, my body I got from my father. □

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The Wrestler, Pen Pals Dept.
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Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Hobbies, other interests _____

Favorite Wrestler _____

I like ☐ Good Guys ☐ Bad Guys

What Kind of Person Would You Like
As Your Pen Pal _____

Will You Write To Pen Pals In
Foreign Lands _____

You Have My Permission To Print My
Picture.

(Sign Your Name)



PAUL GOMEZ (13)
Walnut Ave.
Bohemia, NY. 11716
Likes bowling, girls.
Gene Kiniski his
favorite. Likes
bad guys. Girls
for pen pals.



**LORRAINE FILIPO-
WICH (17)**
90 Marginal St.
Chelsea, MA. 02150
Wants to be wrestler.
Bruno her favorite.
Likes good guys.
Wants a "good" PP.



STANLEY ROSS (15)
2100 E. Dauphin St.
Phila., PA. 19125
Plays the drums,
surfs. Carpentier
his favorite. Likes
good guys. Girls,
any age, for PP's.



JOHN JAMES (9)
220 South St.
Johnstown, PA. 15905
Likes all water
sports. Bruno
his favorite. Likes
good guys. Anyone
for pen pals.



MERRILL CLOSMAN (33)
219 S. New Ave.
Monterey Park, CA. 91754
Likes physical culture,
bowling. Sailor Thomas
his favorite. Likes
good and bad guys.
Girl fans for PPs.



TONY BOYCE (23)
Box 3049
Margate, NJ. 08402
Likes acting, model-
ing. Ricki Starr
her favorite. Likes
good guys. Wants
"he men" for PPs.



NICK ROTHMAN (13)
902 Stoddard
Wheaton, IL. 60187
Likes all sports.
Carpentier and DR. X
his favorites. Wants
pen pals 12-16
years old.



BOB KING (18)
Box 312
Tarrs, PA. 15688
Ed Battman his
favorite. Likes
good guys. Wants
girls, 16-20,
for pen pals.



DAVE HOGER (11)
62 S. Elm St.
Paw Paw, MI. 49079
Collects photos of
The Sheik. Likes
bad guys. Wants
boy his age or
Sheik fan for PP.

PALS



Produced by
JEFFREY SUPER



KATHY BAKER (13)
204 Grant St.
Ligonier, IN. 46767
Likes to dance,
bowl. The Bruiser
her favorite. Likes
good guys. Wants
boys for pen pals.



CHARLES MAY (13)
219 N. 3rd Ave.
Evansville, IN. 47710
Likes movies.
The Bruiser his
favorite. Likes good
guys. Wants good
looking girls for PPs.



KEN BUSH (9)
1845 Myrna Ln.
Memphis, TN. 38117
Likes baseball,
boxing. Herb Welch
his favorite. Likes
good guys. Kids
his age for PPs.



WAYNE EXUM (27)
510 S. Bartow St.
Nashville, GA. 31639
Likes to write let-
ters, entertain.
The Mongol his favor-
ite. Likes good guys.
Anyone for PPs.



DONNY REED (7 1/2)
615 Valley View Dr.
Hamilton, OH. 45013
Likes listening to
records. Mark Lewin
faorite. Likes good
guys. Wants pen
pals his age.



STEVE POLEVOI (12)
8005 Waring Ave.
Los Ang., CA. 90046
Collects wrestling
magazines. Medics
his favorite. Likes
good guys. Wants
real fans for PPs.



ELMER KRAMER (19)
533 E. Arch St.
Pottsville, PA. 17901
Collects pictures of
super heavyweights.
Haystack Calhoun his
favorite. Wants girls.
17-20, for PPs.



JOEL GREENBERG (12)
69-08 226 St.
Bayside, NY. 11364
Collects stamps.
Monsoon his favor-
ite. Wants fans
who hate Sammartino
for PPs.



LEE THOMPSON (18)
Fond Du Lac Home No. 3
Cloquet, MN. 55720
Likes horses, draw-
ing. Ray Stevens his
favorite. Likes good
and bad guys. Any-
one for pen pals.



LESLIE GARDNER (14)
7533 Madora Ave.
Canoga Park, CA. 91306
Likes horses, swim-
ming, boys. Pedro
Morales her favor-
ite. Likes good guys.
Boys for pen pals.



BOB GOODMAN (11)
335 S. Lyons St.
Indpls., IN. 46241
Likes motorcycle
races. The Bruiser
his favorite. Likes
good guys. Wants
Bruiser fans for PPs.



CHUCK PAVEK (19)
VF 124 N.A.S.
Miramar, CA. 92145
Likes cars, surfing.
Bruiser, Crusher
favorites. Likes
good and bad guys.
Girls for PPs.



GARY BALLARD (12)
1476 Burton Ave.
Macon, GA. 31204
Likes baseball,
swimming. Mr.
Wrestling favorite.
Likes good guys.
Anyone for PPs.



JOE MARKUS JR. (22)
2274 7th St. S.W.
Akron, OH. 44314
Likes football.
Sammartino his
favorite. Likes
good guys. Female
football fan for PPs.



NOBIE DUBOSE (14)
Rte. 1 Box 50A
Cuero, TX. 77954
Likes T.V., cooking.
Spoiler her favor-
ite. Likes good and
bad guys. Boys and
girls for PPs.

(Continued)

PEN PALS



BOB MAGRUDER (34)
Mercersburg Acad.
Mercersburg, PA. 17236
Likes roller
derby, marathon
running. Gorilla
Monsoon favorite.
Girls for pen pals.



MARVIN YANCEY (13)
616 N. 4th
Quincy, IL. 62301
Likes football,
swimming. Steve
Bolus his favorite.
Likes good guys.
Real fans for PPs.



JOE BARAGA (23)
331 S.W. 8th St.
Chisholm, MN. 55719
Likes all sports,
girls. Ray Stevens
and Verge Gagne
his favorites.
Girls for pen pals.



WILL BOEHM (13)
1289 W. Mill St.
San Bdo., CA. 92410
Collects coins,
stamps. Buddy Austin
his favorite. Likes
bad guys. Boys and
girls for PPs.



MIKEL TRAILOR (19)
RR 1 Box 222
Liberty, KY. 42537
Likes all sports.
Blackjack Lanza
favorite. Likes
bad guys. Wants
Jose Tuva for PP.



DALE MORPHONIOS (15)
3131 N.W. 16 St.
Miami, FL. 33125
Builds models. Joe
Scarpa his favor-
ite. Likes good
guys. Boys and
girls for pen pals.



FRED BEARD (20)
2226 Vermont
Indp., MO. 64052
Likes karate, box-
ing. Pepper Gomez
his favorite. Likes
good guys. Any-
one for pen pals.



JIMMY BUSH (14)
1845 Myrna Ln.
Memphis, TN. 38117
Likes body-build-
ing. Johnny Walker
his favorite. Likes
good guys. Boys and
girls for PPs.



DOLORES PEREZ (12)
777 Gregory St.
San Jose, CA. 95125
Likes comic
books. The Sheik
her favorite. Likes
good and bad guys.
Girls for pen pals.



THERESA GAMBOA (13)
10353 Patrick Ave.
Pacomia, CA. 91331
Likes the roller
derby. Buddy Austin
her favorite. Likes
good guys. Anybody
for pen pals.



SCOTTY KILGORE (10)
1323 Kenwood
San Angelo, TX. 76901
Likes football.
Bob Ellis, Law-
man his favorites.
Likes good guys.
Anyone for PPs.



RUTH CAMP (16)
290 Shell Rd.
Carney's Pts., NJ 08069
Likes singing, art.
Crusher is
her favorite. Likes
bad guys. Boys and
girls, 16-21, for PPs.



LARRY BELK (27)
103 Elm St.
Savanna, IL. 61074
Likes to write
letters, bowl.
"Mighty" Igor his
favorite. Girl
PPs, 19-26.



MURRAY JACKMAN (32)
111 Highland Apt 510
Highland Park, MI. 48203
Amateur girl wrest-
ling fan. Likes good
and bad guys. Wants
"interesting" girls
for PPs.



RUSSELL LOPEZ (12)
417 Elmwood Apt C
Burbank, CA. 91501
Likes baseball,
girls. Fred Blassie
his favorite. Likes
good and bad guys.
Anyone for PPs.



CARLA BROWN (19)
10633-110 ST. Apt 105
Edmonton, Canada
Likes dancing, boys.
Bob Sweetan her
favorite. Likes good
guys. Wants pen pals
her own age.



JEFFREY GONZALES (13)
631 Hartman St.
McKeesport, PA. 15132
Likes weight-lifting.
Battman his favorite.
Likes good and bad
guys. Wants a
wrestler for pen pal.



PAUL DECELLES (18)
270 Sheldon Ave. Apt 409
Toronto, Canada
Likes hockey, base-
ball. Likes good
guys. Anyone
for pen pals.



JAY WATTERS (12)
527 Lake St.
Girard, PA. 16417
Likes football,
track. Sammartino
his favorite. Likes
good and bad guys.
Anyone for PPs.



SAMMY LEWIS (18)
PO Box 95
Waterflow, NM. 87421
Likes western
dances. Ricky
Romero his favorite.
Likes good guys.
Females for PPs.



RUDY RAMIREZ (11)
710-67th St.
San Diego, CA. 92114
Likes boxing, Pedro Morales his favorite. Likes good guys. Morales fans for pen pals.



JERRY HESS (16)
1411 Lincoln Way W.
Mishawaka, IN. 46544
Likes basketball, girls. Cowboy Ellis his favorite. Wants sexy girls, 16 and up, for PPs.



KATHY BEAN (13)
1808 NW 8th St.
Okla. City, OK. 73106
Likes football, swimming. Crusher his favorite. Likes good guys. Female fan for PPs.



ROCKY LAVALLEE (12)
R.R. 2
Legal, Canada
Bob Ellis his favorite. Hockey fan. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



ELAINE HINELY (13)
Box 67
Rincon, GA. 31326
Likes softball, swimming. Alberto Torres her favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.



TIM SOBOLGWSK (11)
3636 E. 53 St.
Cleveland, OH. 44105
Likes football, baseball. Igor his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys or girls for pen pals.



ROBERT KEPHART (11)
813-26 1/2 Ave.
Rock Island, IL. 61201
Likes football, baseball. Bill Watts his favorite. Likes good guys. Wants girls his age for PPs.



RAY EDDINGTON (13)
St. Elmo R#4
Chatt, TN. 37409
Likes TV, football. Les Thatcher his favorite. Likes good guys. Girl his age for PPs.



PHYLLIS BEAVER (34)
4355 Fair Oaks Rd.
Dayton, OH. 45045
Likes auto racing, airplanes. Paul Christy her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.



JOSE DENIS (14)
313 48th St.
Union City, NJ. 07087
Likes sports, girls. Johnny Valentine his favorite. Likes good guys. Wants girls for pen pals.



CAROL CLINE (18)
3727 Calhoun St.
Indpls., IN. 46203
Likes dancing, cooking. Bob Ellis her favorite. Likes good guys. Wants anybody for PPs.



BOB LOKANICH (11)
553 N. Scott St.
Joliet, IL. 60432
Collects pictures. Bruiser, Crusher his favorites. Likes good guys. "Funny" fan for PPs.



DEANNA STROPE (17)
711-24th St.
Rock Island, IL. 61201
Likes movie stars, boys. Chris Markoff her favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Boys for PPs.



EUGENE PETERSON (21)
Kenyon College
Gambier, OH. 43022
Likes football, weight-lifting. Bobo Brazil his favorite. Anyone for pen pals.



FRANK PAGNINI (14)
315 Sharondale Rd.
Savannah, GA. 31406
Likes football, bowling. Likes girl wrestlers. Likes good guys. Wants girls for PPs.



CRAIG DOMINIK (13)
315 Semple Ave.
Winnipeg, Canada
Likes football. The Crusher his favorite. Likes good guys. Wants boys for pen pals.



SHIRLEY SMOLEK (16)
8416 S. New Castle
Oaklawn, IL. 60459
Likes art, typing. Bruiser, Crusher her favorites. Anyone over 16 for pen pals.



WALLIS JOHNSTON (14)
Box 634
Buffalo Gap, TX. 79508
Likes most all sports. Guillotine Gordon his favorite. Likes bad guys. Anyone for PPs.



DAVID SKILLMAN (11)
2305 Lanewood
Muncie, IN. 47304
Likes all sports. Bruiser his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.



CHUCK GUISTE (16)
9 Belleau St.
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15214
Likes baseball. The Sicilians his favorites. Likes good and bad guys. Wants nice girl for pen pal.

WRESTLING'S LONLIEST PEOPLE

**THE FANS CURSE THEM AND THE WRESTLERS
HATE THEM. NOBODY WANTS THEM AROUND.
BUT YET, WITHOUT THEM, THERE WOULD BE NO
WRESTLING AT ALL**

KEITH MEGSON knows the answer to the riddle, "When is a fist not a fist?" The answer, according to Megson, is, "A fist is not a fist when it hits you right between the eyes!"

Megson must be considered an authority on the subject. He has been pounded by some of the most celebrated fists in the world. Megson is a wrestling referee—a small referee (5-9, 180 pounds). To an enraged wrestler he appears to be an annoying gadfly—something to be taken between the thumb and forefinger and squashed like a bug. Of course, since you can't squash a referee, the wrestlers usually pound him, knee him, stomp him and casually throw him into the balcony.

It's all happened to Keith Megson. If a fist that hits you doesn't look like a fist, what does it look like? "A headlight. You see it for a fraction of a second and it looks big and bright and

then boom!" The authority, of course, is Keith Megson.

"It usually happens so fast you aren't prepared for anyone turning on you," Keith says. "One minute you're trying to pry two mountains away from each other's throats and the next thing you know you're either seeing that headlight or your flying through the air wondering if this trip is necessary."

The plucky little official continued: "I'm refereeing this match between Bud Cody and some other tough guy whose name I can't recall. Cody has the guy's head between the ropes and he's trying to saw it off. 'You're on the ropes,' I yelled. 'Break the hold!' Nothing happens. So I jump in and grab Cody's arm and bend it backward to try and make him break his hold. Then here comes



Joe Lesperance holds his aching face as he walks dejectedly from ring towards dressing room after refereeing a savage match.

the headlight. Then the black-out!"

Megson had to learn what happened in the minutes that followed. There he was sprawled unconscious in the center of the ring and this behemoth Cody is practicing attempted homicide. Megson's colleague, referee Joe Lesperance, another five-niner, heard the commotion from the back of the arena and came running to the rescue. Lesperance vaulted into the ring and disqualified Cody. "I thumbed him to the showers," Lesperance tells you, "but it didn't work. It doesn't work lots of times. Anyway, Cody picks me up and throws me through the ropes onto the floor. I was dazed and angry. But as angry as I was with the wrestler, the person that really made me flare was that moron in the front row who started dancing around me and peppering me with popcorn. I could have killed that so-and-so. He was more my size, too."

Megson takes things philosophically. "That's what you just have to put up with when you're a referee," he says. "Sometimes even your wife won't talk to you. And then Joe and I have our size against us. These guys who throw us around have to think about our size when they do it. I figure they believe that



Keith Megson places midget girl wrestler on top rope as punishment for biting her opponent's nose.

if they throw us around and maul us we might be a little easier on them the next time out. But you can bet it won't help them!"

Lesperance was rubbing the side of his jaw remembering a few knocks he had taken. "Yes," he said, "Keith and I have been belted around by some of the toughest men in the business. But we're still referees. Mad Dog Vachon has thrown me over the ropes at least 20 times. Jerry Graham's stampeded all over my face. The Stomper has knock-



Masked wrestler (Mr. Robust) did this to referee Keith Megson six times during bout in Regina, Canada. Megson disqualified Robust after he picked himself off the floor for the sixth time.



Rita Cortez was so infuriated by one of Megson's rulings that she leaped on his back and rode him like a horse (left). Bette Boucher, Cortez' opponent, also took out her anger on Megson by wrapping a belt around his neck (right). Joe Lesperance is crushed by 500 pounds of muscle (below).

ed me on my butt more times than I want to remember. But I—we—keep coming back week after week to try and keep these gorillas in line. Don't ask me why!"

Megson wonders why most wrestlers, usually intelligent men, make such a fuss when the referee makes a ruling. "A wrestler should know that hitting me isn't going to make me change me decision. And that goes for the fans, too! If we let them con us even once, that would be the

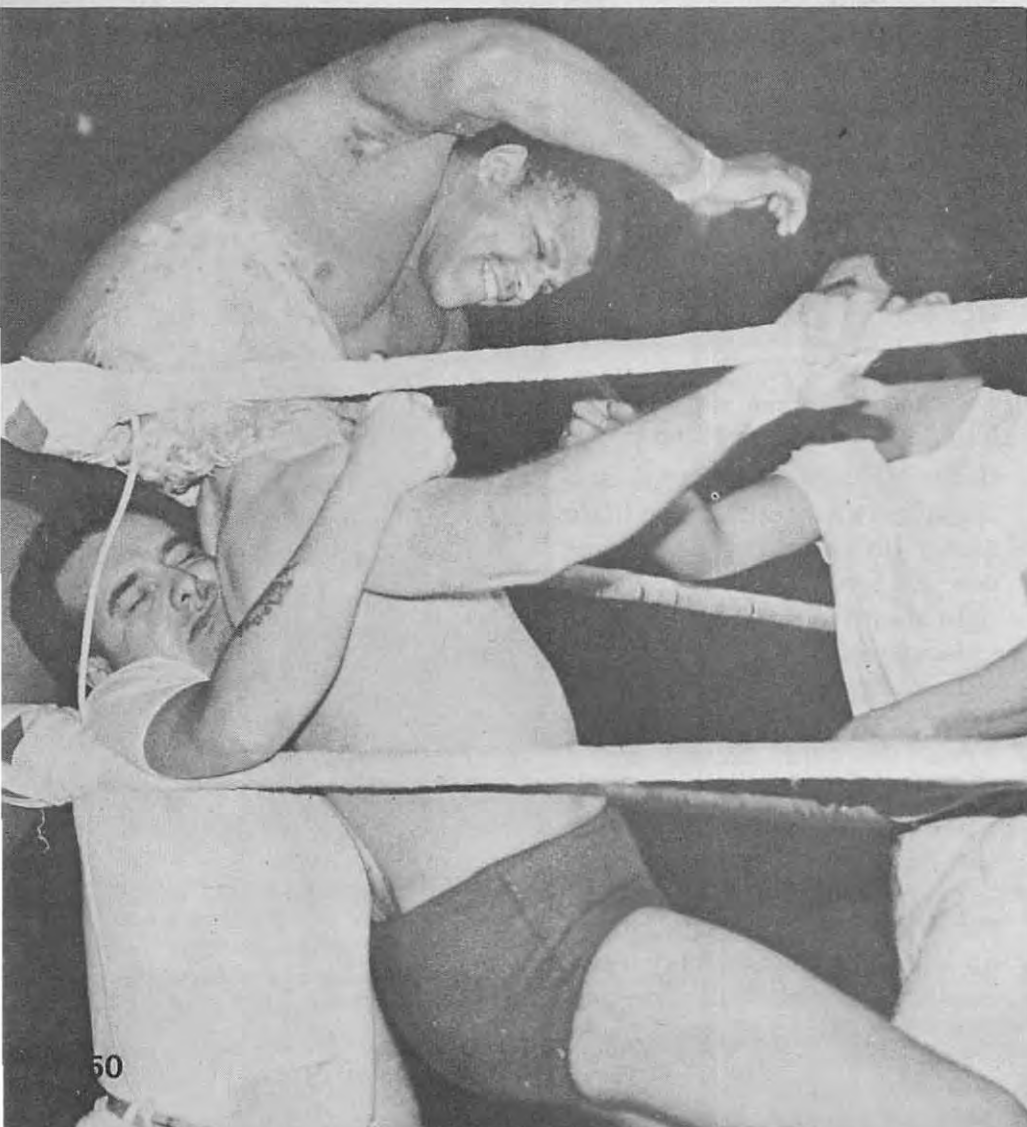


end of our authority inside those ropes. There would be no living with those wrestlers or the fans if we ever reversed a decision without a darn good reason."

Lesperance and Megson are not novices at their trade. Each man has long experience in the amateur ranks—as wrestlers—and then they formed a free-style tag team that enjoyed much success. As referees they have handled the action of the tiniest matman, Ski Low Low, three-foot-two and 82 pounds, to the most monstrous slab of flesh ever to make a ring quiver, 650-pound Haystacks Calhoun. They've seen everything in between, too: the silky, smooth scientific wrestlers, the caveman cretins, the fast, the strong, the free-wheeling. They have arbitred blood-baths that weren't stemmed until the police arrived.

Megson thinks the exper-

(Continued on Page 60)



GO-GO WHERE THE ACTION IS

CLIP THE WRESTLING ADS FROM YOUR NEWSPAPERS AND MAIL TO:
The Wrestler (Clip Dept.) Box 58, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571

BIG TIME WRESTLING
THURSDAY! 8:30 P.M.
Cooper Arena, Fairgrounds

5 Matches! 12 Wrestlers!

TAG TEAM MATCH!
Wild Bull CURRY
and
DR. JERRY GRAHAM
vs. **MARK LEWIN**
and **The Mighty Igor**

ROCKY JOHNSON vs. MIKE "Hogshead" LOREN

The Great KOJIKA vs. EMILE DUPRE

BEN JUSTICE vs. IVAN KALMIKOFF

The Stomper vs. Sensational TOM JONES

TICKETS ON SALE NOW!
CENTRAL TICKET OFFICE
(Richman's) 37 N. High St.
Phone 228-1305

COLUMBUS, OH.
(Paul Dassenbury)

WRESTLING
PACIFIC COLISEUM
Mon., Feb. 24, 8:30 p.m.
PARADE OF STARS

GENE KINISKI vs. DUTCH SAVAGE

Lou THESZ vs. John TOLOS

Cr. Stasiok vs. Luther Lindsay

Midgits-TAG-TEAM-Midgits
BRADLEY vs. JAMAICA & BILLY & RUSSELL

B'dog Brown vs. Bud Marino

4-Man Tag-Team
Mayne & Higuchi
vs. Borne vs. Kostas

Shields vs. Shane
Orford vs. Froelich

Tickets on sale at Fred ASHER'S,
159 W. Hastings and at 665
Columbia in New West. 483-7924.
\$2, \$3, \$4

VANCOUVER, CANADA
(Amarjit Hundle)

WRESTLING
TONIGHT • MON. • 8 P.M.
Return TITLE MATCH
WORLD CHAMPION
BRUNO SAMMARTINO
vs.
The SHEIK • U.S. CHAMP

2 REFEREES WILL OFFICIATE THIS BOUT
Tag Team Match, 2 Out of 3 Falls

KOWALSKI & MONSOON vs. CALHOUN & RIVERA

4 MIDGITS TAG TEAM MATCH
PLUS 4 OTHER EXCITING BOUTS
TICKETS NOW ON SALE
\$2.00 - \$3 - \$4 - \$5

BOSTON GARDEN

BOSTON, MASS.
(Richie Sarno)

LEESBURG
MEMORIAL POST No. 52
AMERICAN
LEGION

WRESTLING
NAT. GUARD
ARMORY

FRIDAY 8:30
RINGSIDE SEATS AT DOOR 2.00
Gen. Adm. 1.50 Children under 12 — .75
All tickets at door from 7:00 p.m.

4 Matches . . . starting with a super big one - a 9 MAN BATTLE ROYAL

LEESBURG, FLA. (Richard Franklin)

BIG TIME WRESTLING
COW PALACE
Sat., March 15, 8:30 a.m.

U.S. HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP
PAT PATTERSON vs. RAY STEVENS
(Challenger) (Champion)

WORLD'S TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP
Peter MAIJAVA and Kinji SHIBUYA
vs. **Klondike BILL and Mr. SAITO**
(Challengers) (Champions)

GIRL MIDGETS ALSO FEATURED — ALSO FIVE OTHER MATCHES —
(This is a wrestling exhibition sanctioned by the California Athletic Commission)
Macy's • Steinberg's Shoe Store • Cow Palace
Lee's Liquor Store • Sherman Clay Box Office, Oakland

SAN FRAN., CALIF. (Joe Fernandez)

CE SOIR A 8h.30
A LA
TOUR

GRANDE FINALE 2 de 3 A FINIR
ABDULAH The Butcher - GINO BRITO
et vs. et
WOLO KOLOFF ANTONIO BAILLARGEON

SEMI-FINALE COMBAT DE BOXE
MAT GILMORE vs JACQUES ROUGEAU
et vs. et
ANGLO MOSKO vs EDDIE AUGER

COMBAT 30 MINUTES PAR EQUIPES
JOS LEDUC BRUTE MARTIN
et vs. et
PAUL LEDUC DALE ROBERTS

COMBAT 30 MINUTES
RON KELLEY vs CHEN LED

Admission gen, enfants \$1.00, Adultes: \$1.50
Res.: \$2.00 - Ouverture du guichet à 1h. p.m.
Reservations: 529-0524

QUEBEC, CANADA (Jackie Fuller)

MARCH OF DIMES
BENEFIT
CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING
PITTSBURGH, PA
Tomorrow 8:30 pm

CIVIC ARENA
CHAMPION BRUNO SAMMARTINO
vs.
No. 1 Challenger
KILLER KOWALSKI

4 MAN TAG RETURN
THE SICILIANS
ALTOMARE & ALBANO
vs.
THE BATMAN & PUGLIESE

ANION vs. STEELE

DENUCCI vs. RAMOS

4 MAN TAG
CALHOUN MONSOON
RIVERA SCICLUNA

THEUM vs. HOLTZ

DeFAZIO vs. SULLIVAN

Ringside \$4. • Reserved \$3.
General Admission \$2.

Tickets on sale at Gate #1.
Civic Arena; Kaufmann's;
Horne's, Hughes & Hatcher,
Wood St.; Wm. Penn Ticket
Agency (Hotel Lobby)

PITTSBURGH, PA.
(James Runner)

WRESTLING
BRUISER vs. CHOLAK
VERSUS
THE CHAIN GANG
JACK AND FRANK DILLINGER

3 OTHER MATCHES

SATURDAY 7:30 S.B.
8:30 ELK.
NORTHSIDE GYM
ELKHART

TICKETS IN ADVANCE
HUFF'S PHARMACY
ELKHART
GYM BOX OFFICE OPENS 6 P.M.
ELKHART TIME

ELKHART, IND.
(K. R. Brown)

WRESTLING
WED., MARCH 19, 8:30 P. M.
CANTON
Memorial Auditorium

World's Tag Team Championship:
Rocky Johnson & Ben Justice
(CHAMPIONS)
vs.
Thunderbolt Patterson & Dr. Jerry Graham
(CHALLENGERS)

"IGOR"
the Polish Strongman
vs.
(3) opponents
MIDGET MATCH
The Stomper vs Frankie Talaber
Lou Klein vs Ivan Kalmikoff

PRICES \$3.00 & \$2.00

For reservations call
Canton 499-4429, 494-2424
Box office opens 5:00 P. M.
456-4363 on day of show

CANTON, OH.
(Tom Rezach)

DETROIT - MICH.
WRESTLING
MAIN EVENT
Hate Rematch!
2 HOUR Time Limit
FOR THE
U.S. Championship

The SHEIK • LEWIN
U.S. Champ. vs. U.S. Champ.

SATURDAY MARCH 22
1st Bout 8:30 P.M.

COBO ARENA

SUPER TAG MATCH
Dr. GRAHAM vs BRAZIL PATTERSON vs LAYTON

The Great IGOR vs. 4 MEN

WORLD TAG CHAMPIONSHIP
JOHNSON AND JUSTICE vs. **CHAMPS**
THE STOMPER & CARPENTIER

Plus A Great Supporting Card

NOW ON TV 50 P.M. Nite 12:30 A.M.
TV 42 Sat. 5-4 P.M.

ALL SEATS \$2.00 to \$5.00
For Res. Call 941-9537
COBO ARENA • GRINNELL'S
P.M.

DETROIT, MICH.
(Patrick Musto)

WRESTLING
Double Feature Event
FRI., FEB. 14—8:30 P.M.
HUBBARD JR. HIGH SCHOOL
Sponsored by Hubbard Booster Club

BRUNO SAMMARTINO vs. Killer KOWALSKI

TAG TEAM MATCH
THE SICILIANS
vs.
BATTMAN and DOMINIC DENUCCI

AND
JOHNNY DEFAZIO
vs.
JOE THEUMA
PLUS
BARN SCICLUNA
vs.
FRANK HOLTZ

Advance ticket sales — Hubbard's Sporting Goods, Main St., Hubbard, Ohio; Sport Center, Lima St., Fairport, Pa.; Kidd's Station, Brookfield, Ohio. Ringside — \$3.00; Gen. Adm. \$2.00; Children under 12, \$1.00.

CLEVELAND, OH.
(T. P. Gordon)

TONIGHT
8:30 P.M.—Macon City Auditorium
Wrestling Spectacular
★ MAIN EVENT ★
RETURN MATCH
BY POPULAR DEMAND

RAMON TORRES vs. ALEX PEREZ

★ SEMI-FINAL ★
RICK HUNTER vs. LOUIE TILLET

DR. JERRY GRAHAM vs. JACK BENCE

DR. GRAHAM vs. JACK

OPENING BOUT
BOB NENDOR vs. "TIGER" JACK VANSKY

MACON CITY, GA.
(Willie Fowler)

ALL STAR WRESTLING

DOUBLE MAIN EVENT (First Time Ever)



1st MAIN EVENT TAG TEAM MATCH

Mad Dog Vachone
And
Butcher Vachone
VS.
Cowboy Bill Watts
And
Billy Red Lyons
(2 out of 3 falls—
45 minute limit)

2nd MAIN EVENT

Lars Anderson
VS.
Pampero Pirpo

OPENING BOUT

Rene Goulet
VS.
Mike Riker
(One Fall—
30 Minute Limit)



FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21st
— 8:30 P.M. —
ST. CLOUD ARMORY

Popular Prices:
\$2.25 Ringside
\$1.75 Gen. Admission
\$1.00 Children Under 14
Advance Ticket Sales at:
Cecilia's Bar, Little John's Pub, and Rip Ripoli's

WRESTLING SPECTACULAR

FRI., FEB. 21, 8:15

\$5,000.00
FENCE MATCH
6-Ft. Fence Around Ring
J. C. DYKES
VS.
TERRY FUNK

\$5,000 TO DYKES IF HE
CAN WALK OUT OF THE
RING AFTER 5 MINUTES
AND PICK UP THE MONEY.
FENCE WILL BE BUILT BY
SAN ANGELO FENCE CO.

TEXAS DEATH TAG TEAM



THE INFERNO



Mr. Ito
And
Chati Yokouchi

• NO STOPPING MATCH
BECAUSE OF BLOOD
• No Time Limit • No D.O.
• Falls don't count, 1 or 100
Lost Team Standing Winner
BATTLE TO FINISH

MIDGET GIRLS



Darling
Dagmar
41", 86 Lbs.
VS.
Tiny
Diamond
Lil
44", 83 Lbs.



GRIZZLY SMITH
7 ft. 2", 410 Lbs.
AND
MAN MOUNTAIN MIKE
610 Lb.
TEAM OVER 1,000 LBS.1

— VS —
HANDSOME HARLEY RACE
AND
GEORGIOUS GEORGE JR.
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS
(Charley Hershberger)

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING

BOSTON GARDEN
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24 — 8 P.M.

MAIN BOUT — RETURN MATCH
For World's Heavyweight Championship
BRUNO SAMMARTINO
World's Champion



THE "SHEIK"

U.S. Champion and Savage Challenger
2 Referees will officiate this bout. The
"Sheik's" manager, "The Weasel", will
be HANDCUFFED to Arnold Skoalund
to prevent him from throwing chairs
and helping the "Sheik".



SPECIAL TAG TEAM MATCH 2 out of 3 Falls



KILLER KOWALSKI VS. VICTOR RIVERA
&
GORILLA MONSOON HAYSTACK CALHOUN



MIDGET TAG TEAM MATCH 2 out of 3 Falls



LITTLE BRUTUS VS. LITTLE BEAVER
&
SKY LOW LOW VS. JAMAICA KID



Baron Scicluna Johnny Rodz Lou Albano Tony Altmore
vs. Earl Maynard John L. Sullivan Pedro Gaday Bob Harmon
"Mr. Universe"

BOSTON, MASS. (Ricky Lauria)

WRESTLING

Tues., Mar. 4—8:45 P.M.
Co-promoters—Lucchesi & Zacks
MAIN EVENT — TAG MATCH

Gorilla Monsoon
and
Killer Kowalski
vs.
Victor Rivera
and
Haystack Calhoun
2 Out of 3 Falls
1 Hour Time Limit
Special Attraction

Midget Tag Team Spectacular
Mighty Brutus & Sky Low
Low vs. Irish Jackie &
Little Beaver

— 2 Out of 3 Falls —
PLUS 2 GREAT BOUTS
— Children Under 6 Free —
Tickets \$2 (Gen. Adm.), \$3 (Res.)
Tickets On Sale At:
F & F Smoke Shop, Newland
4th & State St., GGG Novelty
Hamburg, Pa. 758 Penn St.
562-7681
Beakhouse Hotel 375-5875
Famous Restaurant
4th and State St., Hamburg, Pa.

WRESTLING

Friday, Feb. 28th, 8:30 P.M.
World's Tag Team Championship



THE ASSASSINS
VS.
FULLER-GUNKEL

WORLD'S
Heavyweight Championship
DORY FUNK, JR.
NEW WORLD'S CHAMPION

VS.
TARZAN TYLER

PRO-DEMARCO
VS.
MONGOL-TORRES
PLUS AN ALL-STAR CARD
ADV. TICKETS—JA, 5-6885

Field House, Hamburg, Pa.
HAMBURG, PA.
(Richard Ravel)

City Auditorium
ATLANTA, GA.
(Mark Permison)

WRESTLING

WEDNESDAY - 8:45 P.M.
MIAMI BEACH AUDITORIUM

WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

DORY FUNK VS. HANS MORTIER
JR. CHAMPION



8 MAN
TAG TEAM
MATCH
LOUIE
TILLET
THE
GLADIATOR
CYCLOP
REGRO
& JOE
SCARPA

VS.
The GREAT MALENKO
KURT VON STROHEIM
HANS SCHMIDT
& TARZAN TYLER

MASKED MEDICS VS. THE SOTO BROS.
NICK KOZAK VS. EDUARDO PEREZ
JACK BRISCO VS. DR. "X"



MIXED
TAG
TEAM
MATCH
SHERRI
LEE
& BOBBY
DUNCUM
VS.
BONNIE
WATSON
& SMASHER
SLOAN

FOR
RESERVATIONS
CALL
531-0477

RINGSIDE
RESERVED
GEN. ADM.
CHILDREN
\$5.00
\$4.00
\$2.00
\$1.00

MAIMI, FLA. (Richard Moeller)

MAPLE LAKE, MINN. (Tom Mooney)

BIG TIME WRESTLING
PRESENTED BY ED FRANCIS
WED. CIVIC FEB. 26th
TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

COLLINS & GRAHAM
vs.
WOLF & WAHOO

TAUKEA VS. SHANE
CHAMPION BOY WONDER

TANAKA VS. NICK B.

TEX VS. MONTERO

PRICES \$2 \$3 KIDS \$1.00
5381002

KANEOHE, HAWAII
(Clayton Higa)

CE SOIR A 8h.30 A LA

GRANDE FINALE 2 de 3 A FINIR
ABDULAH The Butcher JEAN ROUGEAU
el
MAT GILMORE vs. JACQUES ROUGEAU
SEMI-FINALE 45 MINUTES
ANTONIO BAILLARGEON vs. TONY ANGELO
Sépectacle à la soirée
COMBAT 30 MINUTES PAR EQUIPE
GINO BRITO el JOS LEDUC el
DALE ROBERTS vs. PAUL LEDUC
COMBAT 30 MINUTES
ANGELO MUSKA vs. EDDY AUGER
COMBAT 20 MINUTES
BRUTE MARTIN vs. LEN SCHELAY
COMBAT 20 MINUTES
BUTCH MORGAN vs. CHEN LED

Admission gén. enfants \$1.00, Adultes: \$1.50
Res.: \$2.00 - Ouverture du guichet à 1h. pm.
Réservations: 529-0524

TOUR
515 Mgr
Gauvreux

QUEBEC, CANADA (Eddie Grondin)

WRESTLING
MEMORIAL HALL
KANSAS CITY, KANSAS
THURSDAY, 8:30 P.M.
ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!
TITLE BELTS LAST
WEEK HELD UP.
THIS IS IT!!
WINNERS TO BE THE
CHAMPIONS

BOR GEIGEL & THE VIKING

"This week will tell the story!
Geigel and I will be champions!"
DIRTY DUSTY VS. DADDY
RHODES VS. MURDOCK

MR. X
VS.
TERRY MARTIN

DON KENT vs.
FRANK HESTER

RUDY MARTIN vs.
STAN THE MOOSE

Adm. 9:15, \$2.50, \$1.50
Mail Box Offices, Box "D", 3201
Tickets on Sale at Memorial Hall
10th and Main at 5:00 P.M.
DR163, Corner 10th and Vandeventer

KANSAS CITY, MO.
(David Nevines)

**WORLD'S GREATEST
PROFESSIONAL
WRESTLING**
THE AUDITORIUM
TONIGHT

Little Bruiser
Wild Grudge Six Man
Elimination Tag Battle...
Time Limit.
Disqualification Waived
Guarantee One Yankee will
unmask or Lucas, Hall or Walker
will never wrestle
In Memphis again, whichever
Yankee, Hall, Walker or Lucas
is left in the
ring and is defeated.
Giant Frasier, Special Referee.
Mighty Yankees, No. 2, 3 and 4
Kop Jagan - Memphis Head
Loser - Memphis Head

Grudge Indian Chain Match...
REGRO to a Finish.
Both men chained together.
Don Greene
vs.
Flash Welch

Return Midget Match
by popular demand.
Wild Grudge to the Detroit
vs.
Cowboy Lane, 61 lbs. Dallas
Wild Tag Battle
Ace and Bill SPO

VERSUS
Mack York and Blue Terror, No. 2
NICK GULAS, ROY WELCH
BERT BATES, Promoters
TICKETS ON SALE
ALL DAY TODAY
AT THE AUDITORIUM
For Reservations, Call 262-642

MEMPHIS, TENN.
(Steve Webster)

★ ALL STAR WRESTLING ★

WINNIPEG AUDITORIUM
FEBRUARY 28th, 8:30 P.M.

DOUBLE MAIN EVENT



COWBOY WATTS VS. LARS ANDERSON



MAD DOG VACHONE
VS.
RED LYONS

MAD DOG VACHONE



BUTCHER VACHONE

BUTCHER VACHONE VS.
CAMPERO FIRPO

LARRY HENNIG VS. MIKE RIKER VS.
AL TOMKO RENE GOULET
TICKETS - MARLBOROUGH HOTEL 943-1661
WRESTLING EVERY SAT., CHANNEL 12 - 5:30 P.M.

WINNIPEG, CANADA (Bill Paparella)

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP
WRESTLING
Tuesday, Feb. 25, 8:30 P.M.
Promoter, Jack Laurence
World's Title Match
BRUNO SAMMARTINO vs **GORILLA MONSOON**
KILLER KOWALSKI vs VICTOR RIVERA
SPECIAL ATTRACTION - FAMOUS MIDGETS TAG TEAM MATCH
HAYSTACK CALHOON, 650 lbs. vs. BARON SCILUNA
PLUS 1 OTHER GOOD BOAT
Tickets for Sale at James Bailey, Sportsman's Grill and
Greene's, Rutherford, N.J. - Adm. 5 - 5:00 P.M.

EXPOSITION BLDG. - PORTLAND
PORTLAND, MAINE (Ronald Tillson)

WRESTLING TOMORROW... 7:30 P.M. OMAHA CIVIC AUDITORIUM 5 EXCITING BOUTS

MAIN EVENT

DR. BILL MILLER
VS.
THE AVENGER



SEMIFINAL
MIDWEST TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP
STAN PULASKI "IRON MIKE" DIBIASE
& CHRIS TOLAS VS. & BARON VON HEISINGER

ALSO
LUKE "BIG BOY" BROWN
VS.
STAN THE MOOSE

and
WOODY FARMER
VS.
BIG BOB GEIGEL

TICKETS ON SALE AUDITORIUM BOX OFFICE
PHONE 346-1323
RESERVED SEATS
\$2.75, \$2.50, \$2.25
GENERAL ADM., \$1.50
CHILDREN 50c

OMAHA, NEB. (Dan Dillion)

LUTTE

Centre Paul-Sauvé
Lundi le 10 fév. à 8 h. 30

Finale 2 dans 3
IGOR "Le Polonais"

BULLDOG BROWER

Finale 2 dans 3
GINO BRITO

VS.
ABDULLAH
"The Butcher"

Et plusieurs autres
bons combats.

MONTREAL,
(Camille Lord)

WRESTLING

STEEL CAGE MATCH!



THE
GREAT
MALENKO

VS.

JOHNNY
VALENTINE



The MEDICS

Managed by Dr. Ken Ramsey

JACK BRISCO & WELCH

VS. LES LOUIE

THE GADIATOR VS. TILLET

JOSE LOATHARIO VS. TYLER

RENE GOULET VS. KOJKA

HANS MORTIER VS. TIKI

MIXED TAG TEAM MATCH

SHERRI LEE & MCFARLAND

VS. BONNIE WATSON & KEOMUKA

MAIMI, FLA.
(Lonnie Lee)

10 MEN RUSSIAN ROULETTE OVER TOP ROPE BATTLE ROYAL



MON., FEB. 17, 8:30 P.M.
LAST EVENT OF THE CARD



FOR
\$2000
PURSE
A TON and A HALF RE-ENFORCED RING
TAG TEAM MATCH WINNERS TO
MEET CHAMPIONS

BUDDY COIT & V J. C. DYKES

GORGEOUS Jr. s INFERNO

DORY FUNK SR. PUNCHES GRIZZLY SMITH

IRON STOMACH IN STRENGTH DEMONSTRATION

LOU THESZ vs. RICKY ROMERO

MOUNTAIN MIKE VS. HARLEY RACE

• ADDED ATTRACTIONS •

DIAMOND LIL VS. LITTLE DARLING DAGMAR

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL 533-8610

DALLAS, TEXAS (Ronnie Dotan)

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING



Chris Markoff Black Gordon

Tonight, 8:30 P.M. San Bernardino Arena

137 So. "G" St.

Championship Doubleheader
for the Pacific Coast Title
MARKOFF vs. GORDMAN
Champion Challenger
For the Brass Knuckles Crown
BLASSIE vs. GOMEZ
Champion Challenger
Plus Two All-Star Bouts
For Reservations Phone 1U 5-9797
Prices: Reserved \$2.50
General \$1.50
Children \$1.00
Three Wrestling exhibitions under
jurisdiction Fall, State, All. Comm.

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF. (Phil Garcia)

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING

CH 43 SATURDAYS 4-5 P.M.
WUAB-TV

PARADE OF CHAMPIONS



SEE

Next Big Action Program at ARENA, 3717 Euclid Avenue
in Person - Thursday, Jan. 2, 8 P.M.
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THE DESIRE TO BECOME POOR SECOND IN THE

Photos by Roger Baker

ONE OF WRESTLING'S FEW NEGROES, JOHNSON TURNED MILITANT IN ORDER TO BRING DIGNITY TO THE SPORT

ROCKY JOHNSON DOESN'T carry banners or posters or stage sit-ins or burn flags or draft cards. But Rocky Johnson is militant; Rocky Johnson has a cause. Rocky Johnson wants to be the catalyst that will bring more Negroes into professional wrestling.

Negro athletes, he will point out, have made their mark on almost every other major sport. They dominate track, professional basketball, boxing and have mixed inherent speed with ability to represent every roster in both major football leagues. Only hockey, which has its limitations since almost all its pros are natives of Canada, and wrestling are glaring holdouts against the trend to lower race barriers and integrate all sports.

"Black men can wrestle with and against anyone, regardless of race," Johnson insists. "Think of all the good, big men in professional football who are black. Don't tell me that some of them wouldn't wrestle if they were given the chance; the opportunity. And yet there are some areas in this country where a black man can't wrestle; where he couldn't get on the card, no matter how good he was."

Johnson says there are about six good black professionals in wrestling today. "There is no reason there shouldn't be 10 times that many—or 100 times that many. Why should race determine anything? I'd like to think that when



CHAMPION RATES A LIFE OF ROCKY JOHNSON



When Ivan Kalmikoff tried to hit Johnson with a flying tackle, Rocky very cleverly ducked and caught Ivan with shoulder block, flipping him over ropes.

I wrestle, I'm a wrestler, not a black man."

Johnson has held his belief that black men should be more fairly represented in the sport ever since he began wrestling four years ago. He never intended that he should be some sort of a latter day "Jackie Robinson of Wrestling." He was always sincere but he didn't become militant until one night in Cincinnati.

"I hadn't wrestled there before," he said. "I was a newcomer and when the fans started booing me I figured that was because I was a stranger. But then I heard some of the words they were saying. 'Hey, Nigger,' one redhot yelled, 'you're going to get killed tonight!' There were other people like that, too. One guy was yelling that there was going to be 'melted chocolate' all over the ring when Bull Curry got through with me. That's right. I was matched against Bull Curry, as if I didn't have enough trouble with the fans, I had to take on Curry, too.

"Those fans were getting to me. I was boiling. I guess I sort of lost my head. I started yelling back at them, which was the worst thing I could have done. It just made them yell more and they got meaner. I can't repeat some of the things they said.

"Anyway, when we get to the middle of the ring, Curry, who knows that I'm upset, decides to

lay on me a little. He starts in, 'What's a-matter, Sambo?' he says, 'Are those boys (some of them were women) getting to you, boy? If you're scared, it's okay. I'll take care of you right away and you can sneak out of here before they can work you over.'

"I roared. I never wanted to bust up anyone before or since, but I sure wanted to take Curry apart. We had been matched before and this was a grudge fight. It was a fight to the finish and winner-take-all. I decided I was going to be the winner. When the bell rang, I really went after him. I don't usually use dirty tactics, but I meant to use everything on him that I knew. It so happens, of course, that Bull Curry is a past master of how to cripple and maim. There were 13,000 so-called 'fans' there that night and I'll bet most of them wanted Curry to get me.

"We had wrestled for 57 minutes and both of us were bleeding badly. At this point Curry went under the ropes and I went after him. We both fell onto the cement floor. Curry then went amok; he was a mad man. He grabbed every chair and everything that was moveable, trying to hit me with it. The blood from a deep cut on my forehead flowed into my eyes and I could hardly see. That's when Curry picked up the timekeeper's bell and crashed it against my skull—right here."

Johnson pointed to the long scar that runs down the left side of his face.

"I was bleeding so heavily that the commission doctor ordered the bout stopped," Johnson said. "At the hospital they had to sew up a severed artery. The doctor said that if it had been an inch further back, I'd be dead. It took 14 stitches to close that one wound, but I also had about 35 other cuts in my head."

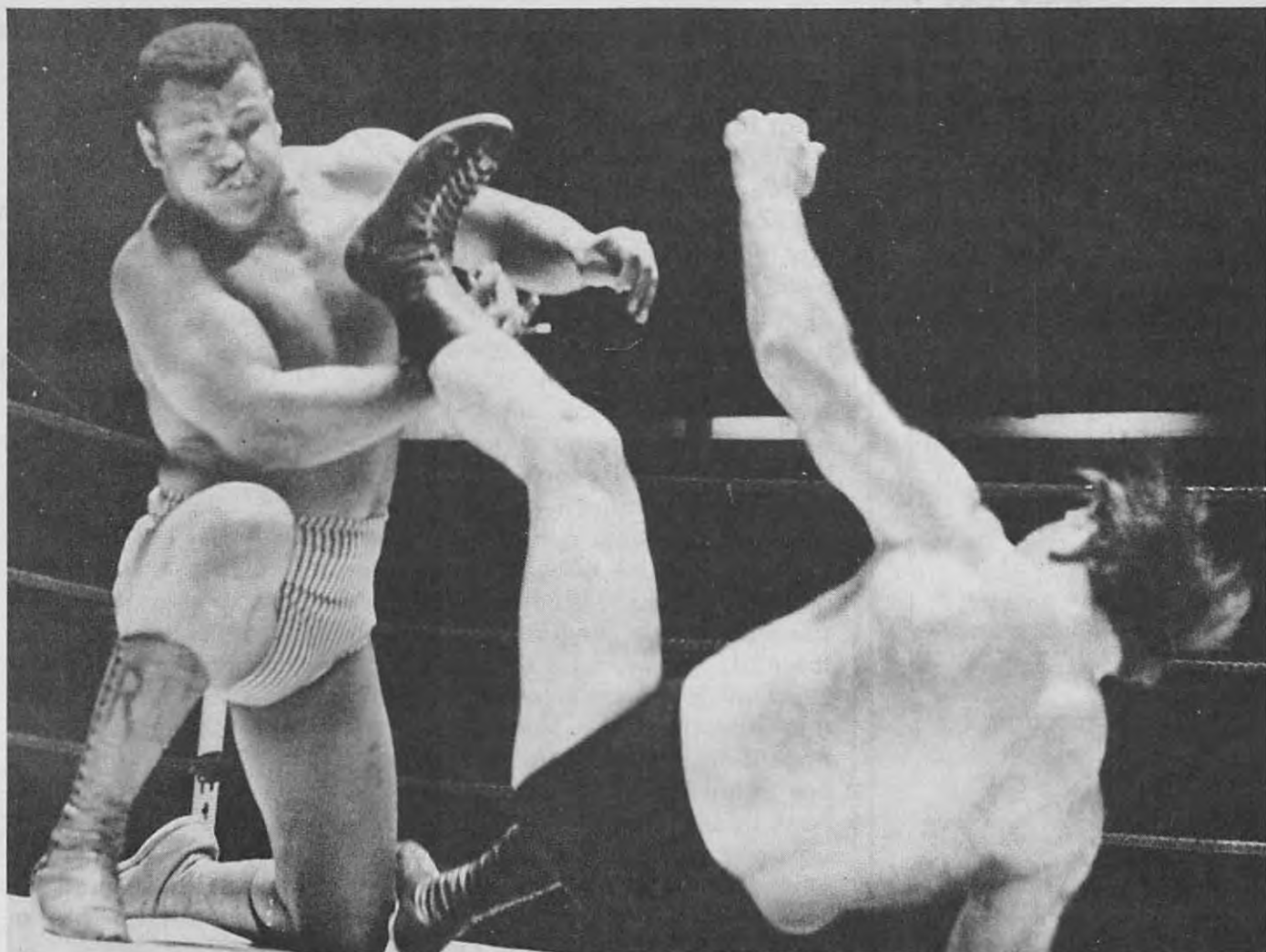
Rocky sees the scars from those cuts every time he shaves. His entire forehead is criss-crossed as if it had been slashed repeatedly with razor blades.

"My temper finally quieted down, but it took some time," Johnson said. "Then I began to realize that Curry was just taking advantage of me losing my cool. That he was being smart. I'm not sore at Curry any more. Maybe I'm not even sore



Johnson with wife and children in their comfortable Toronto home. "My kids will go to college," Rocky says. "They will have the things only education can make possible." Below: Johnson (center) relaxes over a game of pool with two of his friends. Speaking out on equality in professional wrestling, Johnson (right) says, "When wrestling opens its doors to black wrestlers, wrestling will gain a dignity it doesn't have now." Opposite page: Johnson pulls back his head just in time to avoid Ivan Kalmifoff's kick. "You have to be as alert as a burglar alarm every second you're in the ring," Rocky says. "If you don't, sooner or later you'll get killed."





at those fans. Their bigotry is a holdover from another era. But we have to change all that. Why should there only be a handful of black wrestlers? Why should a black man—or any man for that matter, have to take the abuse I did when I got into the ring? Joe Louis didn't get that kind of treatment because boxing had accepted blacks. Joe was a great fighter, not just a great *black* fighter. And there was Sugar Ray Robinson, everybody said he was the greatest all-around fighter who ever lived. They didn't say, 'The greatest black all-around fighter.' What about Wilt Chamberlin, Oscar Robertson and Bill Russell in basketball? Willie Mays... heck, I could go on and on. It's just this: if and when wrestling opens its doors to black wrestlers, wrestling will gain a dignity it doesn't have now."

Johnson's reception in Cincinnati was a shock he had not been conditioned for. Rocky has been a prime favorite in Detroit. He was raised in predominately white Nova

Scotia and Toronto where racial bias is low-key—if it exists at all.

Rocky Johnson is about six-foot-one, but he weighs 257 pounds. He is barrelled-chested, has shoulders the width of two axe handles and legs like small oaks. With incredible strength, Rocky has the advantage of speed seldom found in men so heavy. His strength and speed are augmented by a broad knowledge of holds that made him one of the most-feared wrestlers in the world. Rocky's favorites are his dropkicks and flying head scissors.

Johnson's build was fashioned by the labor of working deep in the coal mines of Nova Scotia. His wrestling skills were fashioned in the amateur competition of the Y.M.C.A. He learned wrestling at Jack Wentworth's gym in Hamilton, Ontario. Rocky was 19 when he began his professional training. It was not until he was 20 that he made his debut—a television match against Firpo Zybyszko. Johnson won in 47 seconds.

There was not much money to be had in wrestling during Johnson's first year. He had married his wife, Una, and had a daughter, Wendy, and a son, Curtis, who is now three years old, was on the way. Johnson went to work driving a fish truck.

He is a long way from the fish truck now. Only 24, he has a 1969 Lincoln Continental, and a fine home.

"But you never forget the fish trucks in your life," he said. "Just as I'll never forget that night in Cincinnati. I've been hurt before. The Beast cracked six of my ribs and dislocated my shoulder. But Cincinnati was the worst. It wasn't only my body that was injured there."

Rocky Johnson will continue to campaign for greater participation by black men in professional wrestling. "Someone has to do it," he said. "I know how Jackie Robinson felt. It's going to make me unpopular with some people, but a man has to live with himself." □

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HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 12)

what flavor and depth.

There is a rumor that former 5-time world champion LOU THESZ has perfected a strategy specifically designed to beat newly-crowned champion DORY FUNK, JR. Lou refuses to talk about his new plan. All he will say is, "I feel confident that what I have worked out will win me the title for a record sixth time." When Lou Thesz says something, you've got to believe it, because nobody, but nobody, speaks with the authority of this immortal of the mat.

Handicap matches, in which one wrestler takes on two opponents at the same time, are growing in popularity. Fans in Los Angeles eat 'em up, and fans in Montreal, where handicap bouts are old hat, still love them. In one such bout recently, at the Forum in Montreal, "CRY BABY" CANNON and MIGHTY URUS pitted their combined tonnage of almost one thousand pounds against IGOR, who came into the ring at a measly 300 pounds. But it was Igor who had his hand lifted in victory at the finish.

Speaking of Montreal, talented, good-looking DEWEY ROBERTSON was a big hit in his debut in that city. Dewey whipped GINO BRITO and was given a standing ovation as he left the ring. We would like to take a pat-on-the-back



THE MUMMY

here because the first story on Robertson ever published appeared in the June/69 issue of INSIDE WRESTLING's sister magazine, THE WRESTLER.

THE MUMMY has suddenly sprung back to life. This weird creature who first took the wrestling profession by storm in the early 1960's and then, just as suddenly, vanished, reappeared recently on the Pacific Coast. When one of our reporters tried to interview this strange creature in Sacramento, Cal., recently, he couldn't get one word out of him. When we asked our man why he couldn't make the Mummy talk, the reporter said, "I don't think he can talk. I don't think he's got a tongue. I don't think he's human."

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WRESTLING'S LONELIEST PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 50)

ience that he and Lesperance had in their tag team days equipped them for anything. "We were pretty rough in the ring ourselves," he admits, "so when we started refereeing, we were cued up on most of the tricks the tough boys use. Hell, we used to be tough boys ourselves."

"And we know from experience exactly what rules can be bent and what's legal and what's illegal," Lesperance said. "The rules have to bend. We have to allow wrestlers the widest latitude in trying to win a match and we have to give the fans what they paid to see—action. You can't put two powerful men, each loaded with the urge to win, into a ring and expect them to toe the line completely. Wrestlers are the most competitive of athletes and the fans want them to compete on the widest-open basis possible. Look at the way other professional sports have opened up and you can understand why wrestling rules have to be relaxed—to keep up with the times."

Lesperance and Megson are pros at refereeing and the wrestlers will admit it—although grudgingly.

One night, after Lesperance had been walloped and hammered halfway through the floor the wrestler who did the hammering was still ranting.

"When in hell are lesperance and Megson going to learn?" the wrestler fumed. "Yeah, they call a tight match; nobody calls them any tighter. And everytime I bounce them around they come back

for more. I bounce them and they disqualify me. But what the hell good does it do me?"

There have been many times when Megson and Lesperance have refereed tag team matches. There was



the night that Waldo Von Erich and Tex McKenzie decided to chew each other up. Megson broke up one of Von Erich's strangle holds with a drop kick to the wrestler's jaw. Lesperance was in the ring with him and he tackled Von Erich as the dreadnought tried to get at Megson.

"That was the same night I had to climb up on Von Erich's chest and twist his ears almost off his head before he broke a foul hold. "That Waldo is a very tough man," Megson said.



Left: Keith Megson pulls Waldo Von Erich's ears in effort to make him release strangle hold on opponent. Above: One of Megson's calls so angered Bud Cody that Bud kayoed Megson with a right to the jaw. Right: Referees Megson and Lesperance leaped to Tex McKenzie's rescue when Von Erich had Tex stretched out on the mat and began kicking his face.



"And remember the night when Alexander the Great was thrown into the turnbuckle—the one I was standing in front of?" Lesperance asked. "Remember? My head cracked the turnbuckle. I was unconscious for hours."

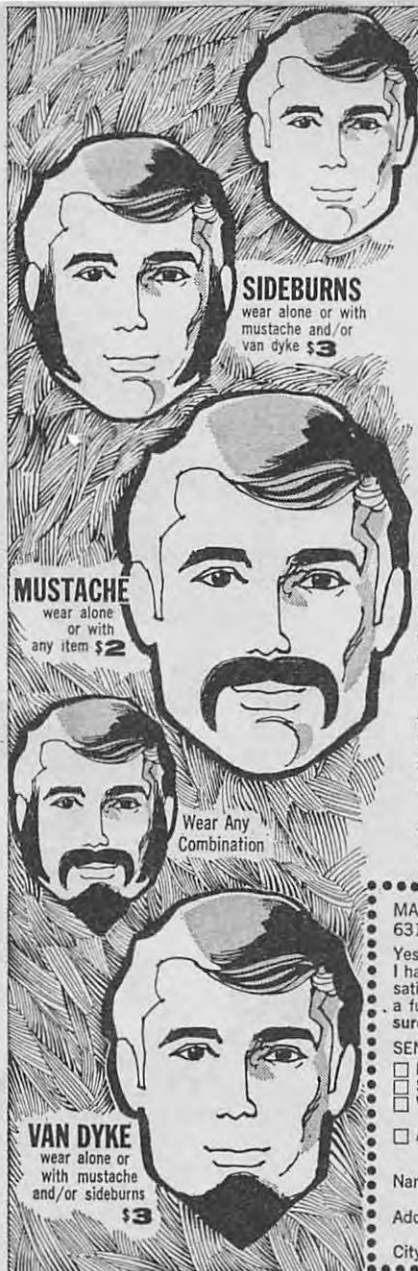
Now it was Megson's turn. "And oh, those girls—girls? I'd sooner mix with a meat grinder. You might as well be bare-handed in a snake-pit as refereeing bouts bet-



ween those women. No man ever had a temper like that Bette Boucher. One night she threw me clean out of the ring. When I climbed back in she was so happy to see me that she ripped my shirt off my back and kicked me in the stomach."

They go on like that. Like the policeman, a referee's lot is not a happy one.

What was that riddle again? When is a fist not a fist? ☐



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THE LEAP THAT FAILED

**The bitter rivalry between
Waldo Von Erich and Bruno
Sammartino exploded
in a violent match
with a surprise ending**

Photos by ROGER BAKER

(Continued on Page 64)

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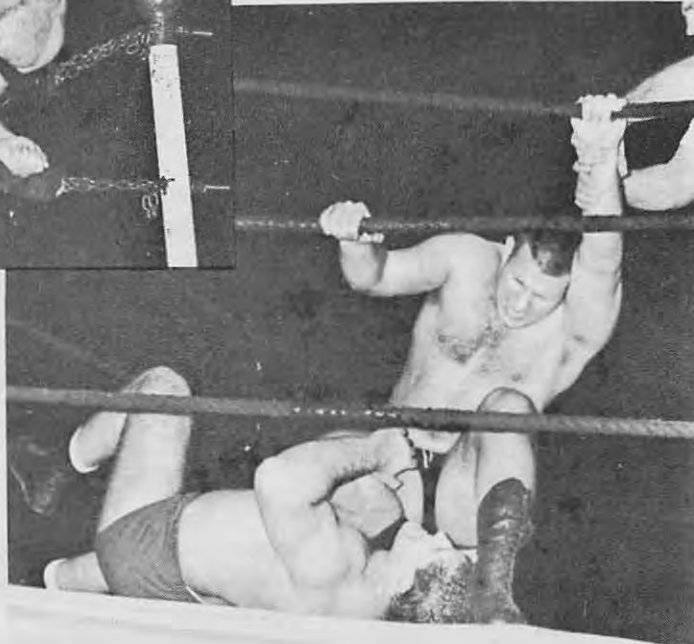
Ignoring referee Tiger Tasker (holding Bruno's belt), Sammartino (right) and Waldo threaten each other. For a moment, the fans thought they were going to be treated to a pre-bout row.

Right: After a slugging exchange in mid-ring, Sammartino upended Von Erich on the ropes and kicked him repeatedly in the back. As Waldo slid to the mat, Bruno attempted to stomp on him but the German rolled out of danger . . .

. . . Only for a moment, though. Bruno went after him like a tiger and sent him flying into the turnbuckles. Then he caught Waldo in a back-breaker and it seemed like the end for the big German. But . . .



. . . Von Erich wrenched loose and, leaping from a ring post, launched his deadly Prussian kneedrop. Bruno narrowly escaped but a moment later Waldo floored him with a kneelift. Referee tries to break his hold on the ropes.



WE CAUGHT a snatch of the conversation just as we strolled into Toronto promoter Frank Tunney's office. He motioned us to sit down and, cupping the phone, whispered that he was talking to Vince McMahon at the Franklin Park Hotel in Washington, D.C.

"Is that right!" Tunney exclaimed, cradling the phone closer to his ear. "They'll kill each other, you say? As bad as that, eh, Vince?" Tunney licked his chops. "M-m-m-m, why, that sounds great, just great, Vince . . ."

Frank leaned back in his chair and listened for a moment. Then he said: "Oh, sure, Vince. Don't worry about that a minute. I'll make sure they're kept apart until they get into the ring. You have my word on that. And, Vince . . . thanks a million for helping me out . . ."

Tunney broke into a broad smile as he hung up. "I've got 'em!" he chuckled. "Got who?" his visitor asked. "Who?" Frank blurted. "Why, Bruno Sammartino and Waldo Von Erich—that's who." The visitor whistled. "You're a genius, Frank. Those boys will pack the joint."

That's just what Tunney had figured when he heard reports of the Sammartino-Von Erich brawls in New York's Madison Square Garden, where they'd pulled in an average of better than 16,000 in three matches. It was just what Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens needed.

So Frank had put in a call to McMahon, whose wrestling promotion empire dominates the Northeast territory, and asked if he could get Bruno and Waldo to make a special appearance in Toronto.

Vince was doubtful at first. "It isn't that I don't want to let you have them," he told Frank. "It's just that I'm afraid of what might happen without the most rigid precautions."

"What do you mean, Vince?"

"Well, I've never seen two guys who hated each other more," McMahon explained. "Do you know that when they were wrestling at the Garden, they stayed at separate hotels? We even had to give them separate dressing rooms. And we knew that if they



After 30 minutes of savage action, both men were almost totally exhausted. Then Bruno nailed Waldo in his famed bear hug.

ever met on the street, they'd murder each other. So we assigned guards to trail them every minute."

Tunney assured McMahon that he would take all precautions to prevent a Bruno-Waldo run-in before the match. "Okay," Vince said. "You can have 'em then. But the rest is up to you. I'm not guaranteeing *anything*!"

Frank really didn't know what he was letting himself in for. He arranged for separate hotel and dressing room accommodations and hired guards to shadow the bitter rivals. Then, through some goof, both men arrived at Tunney's office at the same time to sign papers—and all hell broke loose.

For an instant, Bruno glared at Waldo. Von Erich glared right back. Then, without a word, they lunged at each other, crashing chairs and tumbling over the floor. It took an army of Frank's assistants to pry them apart.

"Whew!" Tunney moaned after the rumpus. "Vince wasn't putting me on about those tigers!"

Just as Frank had figured, the arena was packed on the night of the bout. The fans were getting restless waiting for the main event. "We want Bruno and Waldo!" they kept chanting.

The chant drifted into Von Erich's dressing room but Waldo, stretched out on a rubdown table, eyes closed, seemed oblivious to it.

Sweet Daddy Siki and joke-cracking Duke Noble were getting dressed in one corner. In another, all by himself, was Professor Hiro, reading a magazine. Near the door, Joe Christie was reminiscing about old times with this reporter and The Skunkman.

Christie paused when a tall, gaunt-faced, bearded man strode into the room. "Hi, there, Cave Man," Siki greeted him. "Cave Man" just nodded and headed for his locker.

Christie resumed his reminiscing but every once in a while he would glance at Waldo. Finally, he said: "Hey, Waldo, you gonna lick Bruno tonight?"

"Don't bother me," Waldo grunted. "What's the matter—you worried?" Sweet Daddy said. Noble cut in: "Knock it off, Big Daddy. Cantcha see Waldo's getting a message from the spirit world?" Siki looked up slyly: "It'll take more than a message from the spirit world to beat that Italian salami," he said.

Waldo ignored the remark. He seemed dog tired. To squeeze this engagement into his busy schedule, he had gone without sleep the previous night.

Von Erich's friend, wrestler Jim Conroy, came in and started kneading Waldo's back and shoulders to work out the kinks he'd developed on his trip to Toronto.

A moment later, the big, 265-pound German began to stir. He warmed up methodically, doing countless squats, dips and leg raises. Finally, he headed out to the ring.

Waldo looked anything but tired as he vaulted the ropes and glared at a scowling Sammartino. They paid no attention to referee Tiger Tasker intoning the instructions.

For a second, it appeared that they would rip into each other—

and referee Tasker as well. Then the bell rang. They roared out of their corners and crashed head-on like mountain goats.

Both recovered at the same time and, after a series of armlocks, hammerlocks and facelocks spiced with spectacular leaps from the top ropes, they switched tactics and started kicking and punching with such venom that ringsiders had to turn their heads away.

They hammered away like this for 15 minutes, smashing each other into the turnbuckles. The ring floor shuddered and the ropes twanged with the fury of the action.

Then Bruno caught Waldo in a backbreaker. It looked like curtains for Von Erich but he gave a mighty wrench and fell against the ropes.

Surging back, Waldo slammed Sammartino to the mat and launched his dreaded Prussian kneedrop. Had he hit his target, he would have knocked Bruno senseless. But he missed by a fraction of an inch as the Italian strongboy rolled out of the way.

At the 30-minute mark, both men were reeling drunkenly around the ring and the fans lapsed into a strange silence as they waited to see who would collapse first. Mercifully, the curfew ended the bout in a draw at 32:27 just as Bruno nailed Waldo with his famed bear hug.

Sammartino was furious. He turned to referee Tasker and stormed: "Another 10 seconds and I would have finished him off!" Von Erich heard him and sneered: "Ten seconds, hell. You couldn't beat me in a hundred years!"

Everybody expected another violent blowup. Instead, Bruno and Waldo stomped out of the ring, muttering angrily to themselves.

Vince McMahon was surprised when Frank Tunney called him later to tell him how the match had ended.

"Maybe," Vince mused, "they were so sick of looking at each other by that time that they couldn't stomach any more."

"You're probably right, Vince," Frank said. Then he added: "And thank God for *that*!"

Kiyo Mi Gawa
says:



HAVE EFFECTIVE-EVEN DEADLY-
SELF DEFENSE IN SECONDS

WEAR AMAZING **SHOCKER** AND HAVE PARALYZING POWER IN YOUR HAND

Yes! Have effective Self Defense In Seconds. NO training, exercise or study. THE SHOCKER works on paralyzing, stunning "Cripple Cushion Principle." Slip it on and be ready in split seconds for any type of dangerous situation. Have almost instant SHOCKING POWER DEFENSE against muggers, attackers and criminals.

NEVER BE AFRAID AGAIN . . . OF ANYONE!

Thanks to THE SHOCKER you can walk the streets with confidence. With it, and the deadly knowledge of its use, you need fear no one. Now, no matter what your size or build you can strike back with trip hammer force. THE SHOCKER inspires self assurance. It can help you meet and even master the most dangerous situation with quiet confidence. Get THE SHOCKER now! You owe it to yourself and the safety of your loved ones.

WHAT THE SHOCKER WILL DO FOR YOU

When worn, THE SHOCKER gives you astonishing self defense capability; dangerous and deadly. Just slip it on, use it to its best effect, and you have a power at your command equal to a very strong force in nature. Now you can exert minimum effort to get maximum effect. Imagine what this can do to your unsuspecting opponents and molesters. You can disable attackers, overcome muggers; in fact, render opponents helpless and hurt. THE SHOCKER can also help you stun several attackers and protect your loved ones from insult and injury.

Have You Ever Been In This Dangerous Situation?

- You are walking down a dark and lonely street with your girl friend when two bullies burst out of an alley.
- You are anywhere talking with friends, and a dangerous drunk starts a fight.
- You are cornered by two toughs, looking for trouble.
- You're relaxing at home and an intruder suddenly appears.

These are just a few of the problems and dangers that can crop up unexpectedly. The newspapers are full of such sad stories.

NOW WITH THE SHOCKER YOU HAVE AN ANSWER WHERE THERE WAS NONE BEFORE.

WHY THE SHOCKER IS BETTER THAN OTHER FORMS OF SELF DEFENSE

Other forms of effective self defense, the martial arts, require long, painful practice. Protection and power come ONLY after years of training and hundreds of dollars in cost. THE SHOCKER does away with all that! Learning its use to maximum effect is quick. Using THE SHOCKER is even faster . . . it slips on in seconds. When its correct use is learned, and applied, you get a devastating force added to your hand. This force, The "Cripple Cushion Principle" is ingeniously built into THE SHOCKER. It comes to your assistance for instant defense and retaliation.

AND WHAT'S AS IMPORTANT . . . THE SHOCKER GIVES YOU CONFIDENCE

With it, you may feel you are prepared for anything. This secret feeling of power gives you pride and self assurance. It's that extra "something" others should recognize. You can be known as a man who is not only fearless, but to be feared and respected. Yes, you know THE SHOCKER, with its power of positive

action potential can be unleashed in just seconds. You know you can work it almost instantly against the vulnerable points of your attacker's body. You know THE SHOCKER WORKS. This knowledge, together with its most effective, correctly applied use, are your secret power . . . a power for good . . . a power for security and safety.

THE SHOCKER AND ITS CORRECT USE IS SO POWERFUL THAT ITS EFFECT IS GRADED INTO 5 CRIPPLING CATEGORIES

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| #1 The Tipper | #3 The Paralyzer |
| #2 The Painer | #4 The Staggerer |
| #5 The Stunner | |

These are general categories. The Secret Instruction Book (illustrated) sent FREE with your SHOCKER explains each category. It shows how shockingly vulnerable the body is at so many points and areas.

WHAT IS THE SHOCKER?

THE SHOCKER is a fantastic invention, specially developed for the average, untrained . . . even weak and often defenseless man who is at the mercy of bullies, big mouths and muggers. THE SHOCKER slips on in seconds and gives you an almost instant, effective self defense. It does away with intense, tiresome training, practice and study. THE SHOCKER TECHNIQUE READIES YOU IN SECONDS WITH SHOCKING PARALYZING STRIKING POWER AND PROTECTION. THE SHOCKER requires no unusual strength or muscle power to use. It can work for anyone. THE SHOCKER makes clever, automatic use of a deadly defense principle used for years by Karate experts. And now this very principle, which can break board or bone, works for you thanks to its ingenious design. Slip it on and you can deliver body blows and crippling chops to any attacker . . . even when the dirtiest form of fighting is used against you. If used correctly, and to its maximum effect, THE SHOCKER can produce paralyzing pain waves in your opponents body that can leave him disabled, hurt and frightened.



HERE IS THE SECRET SHOCKER PRINCIPLE



This x-ray view shows THE SHOCKER's "Crippling Cushion" of air. This is the secret!

This helps add pneumatic power to your hand. A good example of its damaging effect is the way air hammers smash through solid concrete. Imagine this being used on your enemies.

WHO IS KIYO MI GAWA?

Born in Tokyo, KIYO MI GAWA seriously studied all types of unarmed Combat techniques for many years. His teachers were the finest from the world over. His dedication and practice helped him become a recognized master of unarmed self defense and earn 21 highly prized titles. KIYO MI GAWA'S experience taught him that Judo, Jiu-Jitsu, and Karate are too difficult for the average person to learn in a short time. Yet some form of self defense system or technique is necessary as today's streets are dangerous. Because of this, he painstakingly developed, tested and perfected THE SHOCKER so that anyone can have an instantly effective system of self defense with crippling capability. THE SHOCKER, thanks to KIYO MI GAWA, gives you the paralyzing striking force that a Karate expert has in breaking board, brick or bone.

COMPLETE — NOTHING ELSE TO BUY

When you receive THE SHOCKER throw away all other books and methods of self defense. Nothing compares or even comes near it. THE SHOCKER is sent complete with SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED INSTRUCTION BOOK that gives you the secrets of its most effective use. There is nothing else to buy. You will soon see how THE SHOCKER makes an active defense (or attack) possible to its greatest potential. Because of this power potential it is sold to law abiding citizens only, who must honor the pledge below.



WARNING: When You Carry THE SHOCKER You Are Armed.

FREE This LAPEL PIN, THE SIGN OF THE SPLIT SKULL, will be sent to you when you order THE SHOCKER and instruction book. We ask that you wear it at all times as a warning to would-be attackers of the fantastic power in your mind and hand.

ORDER NOW. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Order THE SHOCKER with complete confidence that you are getting a most effective self defense. THE SHOCKER and instruction book must be all you expect, and all we promise, or return for an immediate and full refund of your purchase price. Order Now. Use Pledge Coupon Below.

MAIL COUPON NOW

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Rush my SHOCKER KIT and Lapel Pin at once. I must be satisfied in every way or I will return it, for a full refund of my purchase price. I promise to use my SHOCKER for self defense purposes only. As a law abiding person I will not let anyone else use it, nor will I allow my SHOCKER to fall into the hands of anyone dangerous or irresponsible.

☐ Send complete SHOCKER KIT at \$5.95 each.
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**PROVEN IN THE LABS — PROVEN ON THE ROAD —
PROVEN ON THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY
— and finally released to the public!**

Yes, proven at Indianapolis — proven in the same test laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . proven by the world's largest automobile fleet owners! An exciting new scientific "breakthrough" that means . . . no matter what kind of gas you use . . . no matter what kind of car you own you can now pile up 100 miles of driving a week, month after month and fill your gas-tank as little as once a month . . . pile up 100 miles of driving a day all 365 days of the year . . . and save up to 500 gallons of gas each year!

NOW! 30 DAYS OF DRIVING ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS!

— even more startling, now save up to \$16 a month, up to 50 gallons of gas each month, without changing a single part on your car!

Laboratory reports . . . PLUS road tests conducted on Indianapolis proving grounds reveal you may now get as much as 37 miles of driving from each gallon of gas . . . save up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . save up to \$200 on your car each year!

Six months ago, for perhaps the first time in history, the United States Government issued patent protection to an invention that has been classified **ILLEGAL!** Sound strange? Not really here's why:

I'm sure you're familiar with the famous gasoline-economy tests run by all the major oil companies. Well, do you know that the remarkable new invention described on this page is actually banned from these tests because it is **TOO EFFECTIVE!** Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline . . . that because it gives so much economy, it is actually **ILLEGAL** for a test-driver to fit one on his car! And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 11 more miles per gallon . . . it has actually been **OUTLAWED** in every recognized cross-country economy run . . . simply because the officials who conduct these tests were forced to rule that it gives all cars that have it an **UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!**

In other words, if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs . . . then this message is not for you. **YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO USE THIS NEW INVENTION—SORRY, BUT IT'S SIMPLY ILLEGAL.** BUT — if you are a person who is not interested in setting any records . . . who is only interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible — and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment — then what you are about to read is perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history.

TEST DRIVERS REPORT UP TO 11 MORE MILES PER GALLON —

The name of this great new invention is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and there is no better way to describe to you the increased performance and economy it will give you . . . than to tell you of the "bombshell effect" it had on research scientists and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it out. Look:

CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 1¢ A MILE

1. When the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** was first tested by the same research laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . results were so overwhelming, (a staggering increase of up to

68 per cent) . . . it actually lowered gasoline costs to as little as **ONE CENT A MILE.**

2. When tests were made by the world's leading auto rental system with this incredible money saving invention . . . and then test-run on the road and on such world famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway . . . the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see big 8 cylinder sedans get better gas-mileage than small European economy cars!

3. When large fleet owners and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them . . . the results were so dramatic that within 30 days they reported savings of not hundreds . . . but thousands of gallons of gas the very first month alone!

UP TO 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS

Yes, from test after test . . . road tests, laboratory tests, tests by some of the world's most famous drivers . . . come re-

BEST PROOF OF ALL!

World's Leading Rent-A-Car Company Road-Tests Amazing New Invention For 3 Solid Months . . . Then Orders Fleet Of Cars IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED!

they report "Savings of up to 54 gallons a month per car"

Yes, from one of the nation's largest automobile fleet owners comes the most dramatic proof of all . . . A company that spends more money on gasoline in one weekend than the average person spends in a lifetime . . . they tested this incredible new invention and here is what they found. **BOOSTED GASOLINE MILEAGE A WHOPPING 32% ON ALL CARS TESTED.** Wouldn't you like to save up to \$200 a year on your car? For full details read the rest of this page.

ports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from Ford, General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon today than when they were brand new! Reports of big, luxury sedans that weigh 2 1/2 times more than small European cars . . . yet get better mileage, better performance and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

IF IT WORKS SUCH MILEAGE-MIRACLES, HOW COME THE CAR MANUFACTURERS HAVEN'T INSTALLED THIS TYPE UNIT IN THEIR CARS? — THE ANSWER IS THAT TWO ALREADY HAVE!

By now you are probably wondering just what is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and how does it work? Well, to make a long story short . . . if you were to look under the hood of one of those \$20,000 European luxury cars like the Maseratti or the Aston-Martin, you would see sitting in those engines . . . a special gasoline unit . . . especially designed to extract more blazing power, more energy from each gallon of gasoline. This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance . . . such **TOTAL POWER** . . . such increased engine efficiency.

And this is precisely what the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** is designed to do — enable your engine to extract more piston-driving power, more raw, blazing energy and more gasoline economy . . .



HERE IT IS — IN ACTION — The miracle **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER**, caught by the eye of ultra high-speed cameras at one of the world's most famous proving grounds. Yes, here on the big viewing console you see dramatic picture-proof of tests conducted by leading automotive authorities at the Indianapolis Speedway . . . tests that **PROVE** you can now actually take ordinary gasoline . . . feed it into your engine in a new and different way . . . trigger it into piston-driving energy . . . and unleash a blazing source of power for your car. For full documented proof of just how this amazing new discovery can save you up to \$200 in gasoline bills in the next 12 months . . . read the rest of this page. (Tests performed by official Indianapolis test driver.)

ONLY, instead of costing \$100 to \$150 (like the European booster-units) . . . the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** costs but a mere fraction.

That's because after years of intensive research automotive experts have finally found a way to simplify these booster units . . . reduce the number of parts in each unit . . . mass produce them . . . slash costs to a mere fraction . . . and make them available at a price so low it's almost too ridiculous to mention. Why do you realize what this means to you if you are a person who is determined to save yourself up to \$16 a month on your gas bills . . . up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . yes, up to \$200 a year on wasted gasoline.

INSTALLS IN MINUTES — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN AS LITTLE AS 15 DAYS!

It means that no matter what kind of car you now have . . . no matter how old that car may be . . . no matter what condition it is in . . . no matter how many miles you pile on each month . . . here at last is the automotive discovery you've long dreamed about . . . and has now come true. Because, from this day on you too can now save up to 500 gallons of gas each and every year. NOW you too can drive for weeks and weeks on end without ever stopping at a service station. Now you too can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas, blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3

tankfuls. In other words, perform mileage miracles that only yesterday you thought were impossible.

So if you too want to achieve the same wondrous results as America's largest automotive fleet owners, by Indianapolis test-drivers, and by research scientists at the very same testing laboratories used by Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, then take advantage of this special Free-Trial introductory offer. Remember, all you risk is the few minutes it takes to fill out the special reservation coupon below, and you have a lifetime of driving convenience and economy to gain.

THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN

15 DAYS — YOU MUST ACT NOW! Now the price of the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on this special introductory offer is not the 15 or 20 dollars you might expect . . . but only \$5.95. Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all . . . not to mention the hundreds of gallons of gasoline and hundreds of dollars in money you save year after year.

However, due to the enormous demands of trucking companies, car-rental companies, taxicab fleets and other large users, only a limited number of **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** can possibly be allocated each month for consumer orders. Therefore, all orders must be filled on a first-come, first-served basis. So to take advantage of this limited introductory offer . . . mail the no-risk coupon today!

ORDER TODAY — ON FULL, MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

**AMERICAN AUTOMOTIVE UNITS INC. Dept. 991
4806 BERGENLINE AVENUE, UNION CITY, N.J. 07087**

Please rush me the sensational **G. T. Energy Chamber** immediately! I understand the price is \$5.95 for which I enclose cash, check or money order. It is understood that I may return the unit anytime for full purchase price refund if I am not fully satisfied.

Make of Car _____ Year _____

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SPECIAL OFFER: Purchase one for yourself and one for a friend and save even more. Order two **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** for just 10.95 (a savings of \$1.00) same guarantee as above. Make of Second Car _____ Year _____

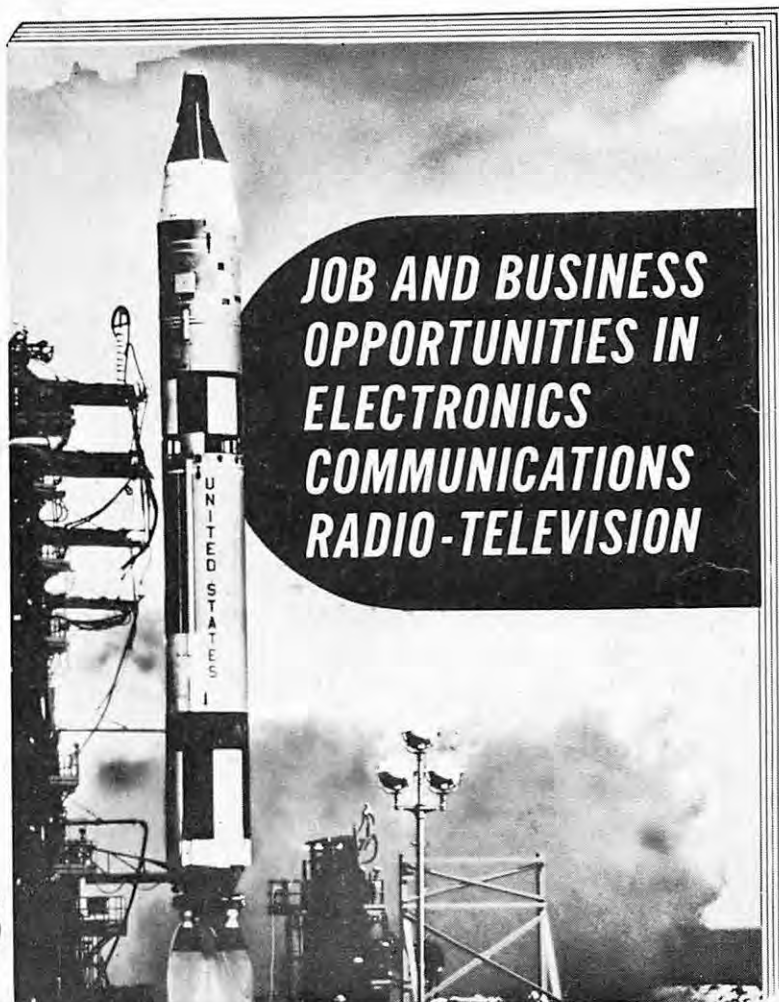
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LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!



All you do is simply attach the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on your fuel line. Since it is a precision instrument, with a special model for each make car, there are no special adjustments for you to make. They've already been made for you at the factory. You simply screw it into place . . . and that's all. In fact, it's so easy you need not know a single thing about an engine to install it — and easy picture directions accompany each unit. Total installation time: 3 to 5 minutes. Total savings on gas: up to \$200 a year!

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